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[THE BYSTANDER, JUNE 30, 1937.

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FRANCE—*Continued*

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GERMANY.

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

GERMANY—*Continued*

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Cologne.—Hotel Monopol-Metropol.—The Modern home for travellers. First class Restaurant.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

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Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof-Hotel.—The 1st-class Hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms, 20 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Düsseldorf–Breidenbacher Hof–L. ht. Wld. ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6. 75 Pr. B fr. 9.

Frankfurt-am-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from R.M.4.

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Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

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GERMANY—*continued*

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Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comft. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

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Gunten.–Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).–Full sth. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl. Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 11.50 up.

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Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Wengen.–Grand Hotel Belvedere.–First-cl. hotel with every mod. comf., ex. cuis., lge gar., swim., ten., mount'ing, all inc. rates frm 15/-

Wengen.—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau district. Inclusive terms from Frs.s. 14.50. F. Borter Propr.

The Bystander

Roye, London

Simone Simon, the Sleepy Film Star

Little Simone Simon got more publicity from staying asleep in her cabin when the Normandie called at Southampton en route for Havre than she 'd have had if she told all the reporters how it felt to be going home. She is back in France for the first time since Daryl Zannuck took her to Hollywood to be a star. She has won herself a reputation for being very, very temperamental over there and she has made three films, *Girls' Dormitory*, *Ladies in Love* and *Seventh Heaven*. It 's doubtful if any of them showed her as irresistibly charming as *Lac aux Dames*, the French film that made her name. She is Marseillaise, twenty-two years old and looks sixteen most of the time

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 26

Walter Hagen

SEVERAL experts agree that Walter Hagen is (or, at any rate, has been) the finest athlete in the world. That is to say, he has maintained his position in his own particular sphere of sport for a longer time and with the least regard to his health than any other champion in the world. True, he is temporarily on the water waggon, but look at that time in the Bobby Jones Invitation Tournament at Augusta, Georgia, when he went to bed at nine a.m. in his dinner jacket and at eleven a.m. proceeded to go round the course in 71 during a hurricane which killed seventeen people only thirty miles away.

More stories are told about him than any other golfer in the world. There was the occasion when he sent a wheeled chair to meet Sarazen at the ninth tee during the Open Championship in 1934 because Sarazen had said that Walter was getting an old man. On this occasion the "old man" lapped the course in 66. At Muirhead they still point to the spot where Walter Hagen, finding his ball up against a wall, took a number one iron and played a ricochet shot off the wall and on to the green, thus enabling him to win the Championship. Then there was that time at Sandwich where the officials tried in vain to keep the crowd back at the fifteenth tee. "I guess there's room for me to swing, that's all I want," said Walter, and, having won the Championship, tipped his caddie the fifty pounds cash money which the winner of the Championship gets.

IT was in the American Open Championship in 1919 that he sent for Mike Brady, who was then leading in the final round, to come out and watch him sink a putt on the final green to tie. ("I knew that I would win the play off," Walter told me.) It was at St. Anne's that he sent his caddie forward two hundred yards at the final hole to take the flag while he tried to hole out in one. He missed the hole by three inches. Walter Hagen never knows which golf course he is playing at. In this way he is like Steve Donoghue, who seldom knows what horse he has just ridden.

Walter is now forty-four years old. At the age of seven he was a caddie on the County Club at Rochester, New York City. Four years later he was caddie master, and after another four years of apprenticeship to Andrew Christie he became a professional and was fourth in the Open Championship. At the age of nineteen he became champion. He has won the British Open Championship four times and the American twice. ("So you see, it is twice as easy.") He is a member of the Mourtown, Pinner Hill, and Oakland Hills in Detroit. He has made over twenty thousand pounds in one year out of golf, and for a few days in 1929 he was—on paper—a dollar millionaire. For one match of thirty-six holes against Bobby Jones he was paid nineteen hundred and twenty-five pounds. This is a world's record. So, too, was his defeat by 18 up and 17 to play at the hands of Archie Compston not long afterwards. He made no comment on this occasion. All he did was to win our Open Championship a fortnight later.

WALTER HAGEN likes to be regarded as "a good guy." Well, he is. He always likes pretty faces in his following when playing in a tournament. His favourite shot is a Number Seven to the green. Apart from golf he likes shooting and fishing. He is managing-director of Hagen Golf Products, a two-hundred-thousand-pound concern which makes clubs and balls, both of which may be marketed over here. Incidentally, there is honey inside the golf balls; and he uses a new one every three holes. The apple of his eye is Junior, aged nineteen, height, six feet two. Junior is a college boy with a handicap of three and no respect for anybody. Walter himself is to-day the sole survivor of the original Ryder Cup match in 1919. Admittedly, he is the non-playing captain of the American team, but he is playing as well as any of the others and is more full of confidence than ever. One thing is certain, if the Open Championship is to be won by a foreigner, everybody hopes that it will be Walter who wins it.

Charles Graves

Norman Parkinson

The British Pavilion on the Seine

Britain and Belgium on the left bank, Russia and Germany on the right, hold the four corner sites at each end of the Pont d'Iéna in the Paris Exhibition. Attractive as the British Pavilion looked in its model form, in actuality it is dwarfed nearly into insignificance by its great neighbours over the Seine, the huge and impressive edifices Russia and Germany have set up. Only the sober-toned murals by John Skeaping break the box-like effect of the river frontage. The English restaurant, the Buttery, which is spoken of with great approval gastronomically, has unfortunately been placed at the back, next door to Canada—for part of which it is frequently mistaken—and has no outlook over the water as the other national restaurants have. The Pavilion, which was opened with great state by the Lord Mayor of London ten days ago, was ready for the public last Tuesday

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE diplomatic activities of Herr Hitler are becoming very puzzling. Just as the stage seemed to be set for a distinct advance in Anglo-German cordiality, and just as Germany had returned to the Non-Intervention Committee, the Führer grabs at a comparatively trivial incident and uses it to upset everything again. The mysterious torpedo-attacks upon the Leipzig were most certainly less important than the bombing of the Deutschland, but they have been used as an excuse for cancelling the visit of Herr von Neurath to London (thereby making me look uncommonly foolish, who had written last week of the great results which might come from the visit) and for withdrawing from the control system.

IT would seem, however, as if the tension caused by the whole episode of the Leipzig has abated. Herr Hitler is now so completely incalculable in his diplomatic activities that it is impossible to say from one moment to another whether he will take high-handed action, or whether he will politely and mildly do nothing.

HERR HITLER'S demand that we should join in a naval demonstration off Valencia as a protest against the torpedo-attacks was emphatically refused by France and Britain. A great many people are inclined to be sceptical about these famous attacks, and are wondering whether they ever took place at all. No one on the cruiser saw the periscope of the submarine, and no one saw the tracks of the torpedoes. What happened was that the cruiser's "sound-detector" recorded four noises which were assumed to be the sound of a torpedo being fired. On that evidence, international relations have been seriously strained.

SURPRISING news has come from the Palmerston front: a British ship, threatened by a Franco cruiser, wirelessed for help. A British destroyer arrived in no time, whereupon the Franco cruiser skipped out hastily. Can it be that Palmerston has really left some small legacy, that British citizens cannot always be humiliated?

Faultless French Riding

Capt. Xavier Bizard won the King George V. Gold Cup at the International Horse Show with the only faultless round of the course. He belongs to the Saumur Cavalry School, rode Honduras, an eight-year-old black gelding, was the only Frenchman among the twenty-one entries, was presented with the Trophy by the King

Earl Baldwin and His Book of Tributes

The volume containing appreciations by all the Conservative and Unionist Associations of Earl Baldwin's fourteen years' leadership of the party was presented to him by the Prime Minister at an enthusiastic meeting of the Conservative Central Council last week. Lady Baldwin was there to hear Mr. Chamberlain's speech of tribute to her husband and herself

Pavilion Opening

Sir Eric Phipps, the British Ambassador in Paris, and Lady Phipps were arriving to see the Lord Mayor of London open the British Pavilion in the Exhibition

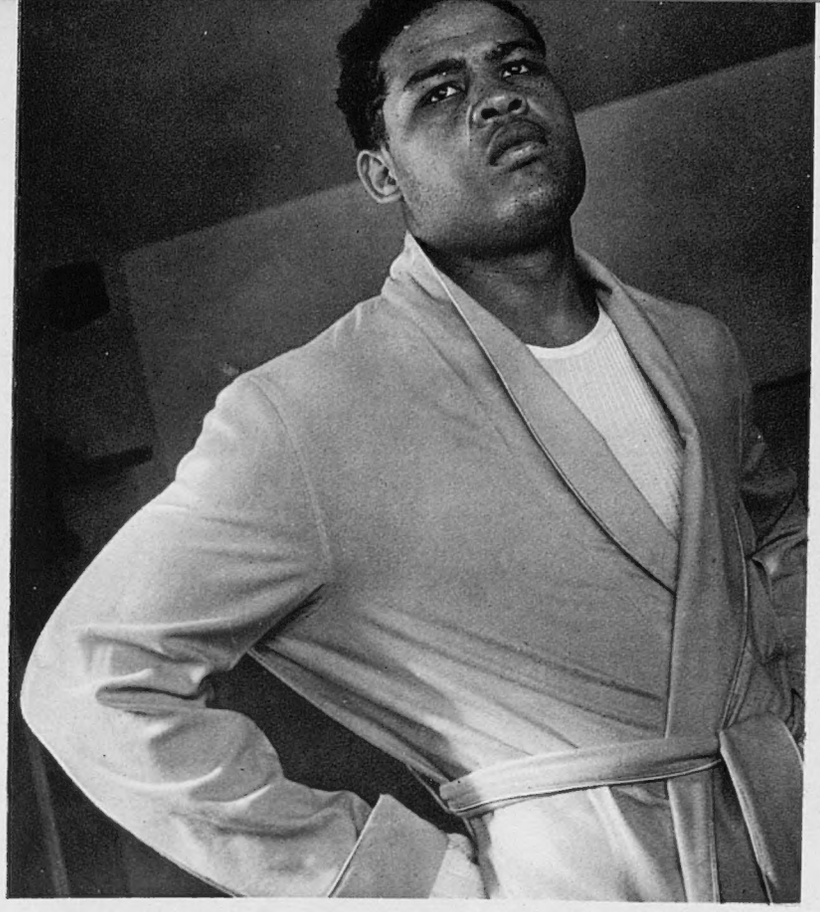
LABOUR troubles in America have lead to a remarkable and, I should think, unique incident in the annals of that country. Soldiers, armed and wearing steel helmets, were mobilised in Ohio to prevent certain steel owners from re-opening their works with blackleg labour. America has been, in the past, unhappily famous for its methods of strike breaking. It is something new to find the authorities actually using force to prevent a strike being broken.

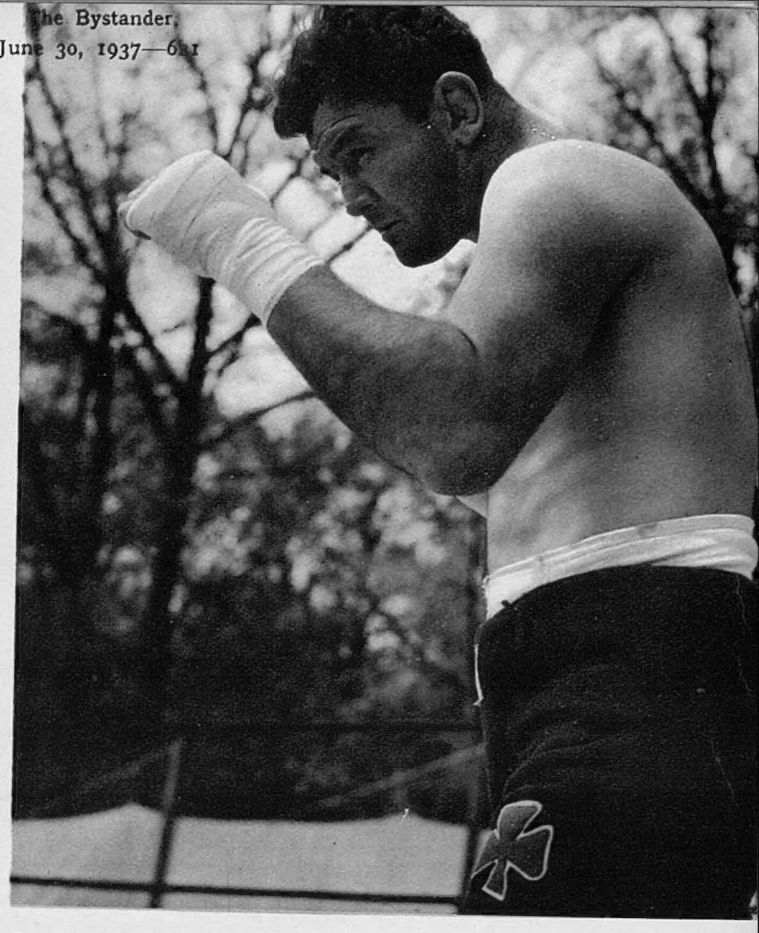
It is due, of course, to the President's appeal, that while negotiations are going on, works which are open should remain open, and those closed should remain closed.

ALL parts of the House of Commons agreed with the Prime Minister that the salaries of Members should be raised from £400 a year to £600. Mr. Chamberlain made a profound impression when he said that, some time ago, he and Mr. Baldwin, as he then was, had examined a number of domestic budgets drawn up by various Members from both sides of the House, and submitted confidentially to them. He had been surprised and distressed to discover that many Members who had no private means, were forced to undergo undesirable economies, had to curtail expenditure on the education of their children, and in some cases, even to live on insufficient food. A handful of Members on the Government benches tried to postpone the rise until after a General Election, but they could only muster thirty-one votes.

THE defeat of the Tory party machine by an independent Tory is rare enough in all conscience anywhere, for the machine is usually extraordinarily efficient. That it should have happened in Cheltenham of all places, is almost incredible. One cannot help being a little sorry for the losing Tory. When he secured, in the face of keen competition, the nomination of the local bosses to the candidature, he was surely entitled

(Concluded on page 622)





Joe Louis, the Negro, Knocks Out James Braddock in the Eighth Round

One firm fact has emerged from the "house-that-Jack-built" complications of the world heavyweight championship controversy. James Braddock gave up his last rights to the title when he lay down for the count to Joe Louis's left and two rights in the eighth round at Chicago. Whether Joe Louis is the second negro world champion or not is another question, to which the promoters and the New York Boxing Commission have two answers, and the B.B.B.C. have yet to reply

Men Only!

Celebrities of a Week

Wimbledon Greeting

Sir Samuel Hoare, president of the L.T.A., handshook with Jean Borotra, veteran of a thousand great volleys. Everyone was sad when Borotra and his partner Bernard lost their first-round match, but they gave the holders, Hughes and Tuckey, a tremendous fight

Right:

Ryder Cup Practice

Sir Philip Sassoon has had the American Ryder Cup team practising over his course at Trent Park. Here he was playing with them, his drive watched by I. Wilson Young and the new American Open Champion, R. Guldahl

Court Dress

Mr. Noel Coward, neat as a new pin in his Court dress, was just leaving his house in Gerald Street for the Levée at St. James's Palace

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 620)

to think that he was as good as a Member of Parliament already. And it is also a little comic to think of a colonel being defeated in that warren of colonels. The Labour poll was down again.

WHILE talking of by-elections, it is surely wrong that the Tory candidate, and victor, at Hemel Hempsted should have fought under the emblem of the Union Jack. To bring "patriotism" into party politics is, in my humble opinion, disgraceful. In 1914 it was possible to die for the country without being a Conservative. Many, indeed, did.

THERE has been a considerable amount of uneasiness about the aeroplane which flew over Westminster in the small hours of the morning the other day. No one can find out who it was. It certainly was not an Air Force machine, and there is a feeling that it might have been a foreign aviator.

It is nearly twenty years since a hostile aeroplane flew over London, but those who remember air raids are not anxious to see them again.

AS a commentary on modern civilisation, it is interesting to note that up to June 19th, 1937, nine million gas-masks have been produced in this country and are ready for use.

ONE of the most amazing figures in modern journalism has just been made a peer. Mr. Elias has been created Lord Southwood of Fernhurst. He is the son of a jet salesman in Whitby who came to London as a seller of newspapers and sweets. Julius, the youngest of seven, delivered newspapers, became an errand boy with a firm of jewellers in Houndsditch, and was eventually engaged as a clerk with a small firm of jobbing printers called Odhams. They employed at that time about twenty people at twenty-five shillings a week. Lord Southwood of Fernhurst is still with Odhams. But instead of being a clerk, he is now the chief, and where twenty were employed are now thirteen thousand. His *Daily Herald* was built up from a quarter of a million in 1930 to two million in 1933, and his other papers altogether sell each week almost twenty million copies. Not even the sensational collapse of Mr. Horatio Bottomley could defeat this extraordinary man. When *John Bull* crashed, in a few weeks, from a million to a quarter of a million, Mr. Elias, undaunted, built it up in no time to a million and a half.

MR. EPSTEIN has been attacked so often, sometimes with silly words and sometimes with green paint, that it can be no real surprise to him that he is now being attacked by the great open spaces. Thirty years ago, Mr. Epstein sculpted eighteen statues for the premises of the British Medical Association in the Strand. The premises were later bought by the Government of Southern Rhodesia. These latter gents dislike the statues. So they want to sling them out. That is the position to-day. The greatest of our sculptors is threatened by one of the widest of our open spaces. Who will win? Art or veldt? The answer will be published in this page later, as a communiqué from our usual vandal front.

THE march of scientific progress has been perfectly illustrated by the almost complete indifference of the public to recent events at the North Pole. In July, twenty-five years ago, the world was profoundly thrilled by the epic story of Captain Scott and his companions, and by Amundsen's journeys. Now, a small paragraph is tucked away in a corner: "Professor Schmidt returned to Moscow yesterday from the North Pole"; and no one pays any attention to it.

PLAY-GOING London is an incalculable freak. I went to see *The Great Romancer*, the play about Dumas. It was an extraordinarily interesting play, brilliantly acted by the new star who has arisen with such suddenness, Mr. Robert Morley, and magnificently produced at the New Theatre. Yet it can only run for a fortnight. Whereas trivial and stupid pieces are running like wildfire, crowded night after night. It is very sad, but there is no doubt whatever that the taste of 1937 is strongly attached to farce.

JOE LOUIS'S victory over the veteran Braddock makes the negro heavyweight champion of a small group of boxing promoters. It would be a travesty of language to call him champion of the world. The Americans have forfeited all right to allocate these high-sounding titles, as they have allowed their control of boxing to pass out of the hands of their official bodies into the hands of competing financiers. Schmeling, having knocked Louis into a cocked hat, was entitled to the fight with Braddock, but high finance was afraid of an anti-German boycott, and so Louis got the match.

Joe Louis is the first negro to be in a position even to call himself Champion of America, since the days of Jack Johnson. Somehow I do not think that he is in the same class as that magnificent boxer. And I fancy that Schmeling would agree with me.

IT seems a bit hard on Mr. Hubert Phillips, the famous authority on card-games, that, after he had given evidence at the Thames Police Court that Rummy is a game of skill, the magistrate should have disagreed and ruled that it is a game of chance. We are left to assume that Mr. Phillips is now a very sad man. For years and years he has presumably been ascribing his successes at Rummy in the Carlton Club, or at White's, or wherever the game is played by the modern bucks, to his own skill, whereas it was pure luck all the time. By the way, I cannot recall ever seeing a Rummy problem in a newspaper.

I WENT, the other day, to watch a charity cricket match in the country. More than half the players were county cricketers, and at least six had played for England. About 3000 people assembled from far and wide on the chance of seeing the great Walter Hammond in action. The sun shone, and after the great man had been nearly outed off his first three balls by his Gloucestershire colleague, Goddard, he proceeded to make a light-hearted 75. So everyone was happy.

Irresistible

Comparison

Even when ten thousand guests are invited to a Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, the huge lawn is big enough for everyone to move in luxurious spaciousness. But do they? Not at all. The gannets on Grassholme have a far neater idea of room allotment

"Victoria Regina"—Historical First Night in Two Senses

Mrs. Gilbert Miller was talking to Mrs. Rex Benson and Mrs. "Foxy" Gwynne. Her husband has now presented Housman's play in New York, Paris and London. Mrs. Benson and Mrs. Gwynne are both Americans

Lord Stanley of Alderley and Mrs. Peter Thursby arrived together for this exciting first night which made history in the theatre world as well as on the stage. Pamela Stanley, the brilliant young actress who plays Queen Victoria, is Lord Stanley's sister

English Faces in Paris

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hudson were with Mr. John Moffat at Auteuil for the Grand Steeplechases. The latter owns a lovely château at Vichy. Mr. Hudson is now Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade; his wife is American, and a sister of Mrs. Ogden Mills

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

THE KING looked very fit at the first Garden Party, possibly to the relief and surprise of those who had believed the various canards that circulated earlier in the year, though they were always laughed at by the better-informed. This may explain the extraordinary pressure of the guests to get close to his Majesty, while the Queen and the Princesses who went another way—they divided forces—were politely mobbed.

The King, by the way, had two days previously visited the Duke of Connaught (who is much better) on the occasion of his mother's accession in 1837.

In the vast crowd—I suppose it is always the world's largest—with the Indians, bishops, debutantes, notables, dowagers, one can never pick out or remember friends. But Lady Curzon was beside Lady Weigall, the Hardinges were there with Lady Milner, in fact, "families" tended to find each other and form into defensive groups, while others were drawn into the subsidiary Royal circles like that of Princess Alice.

Dancing Among Law Reports

THE Duke of Westminster—"Bend Or" to his large and devoted circle of friends—was at home on Waterloo night in the old Grosvenor estate offices, two beautiful connecting houses in Davies Street, a curious contrast to the glories of vanished Grosvenor House. He had returned all the way from his salmon-fishing in Norway specially for this party, the best of the month. There was quite a pandemonium of cheerful sound and a considerable congestion—we arrived in a storm and were baptised with rain.

The houses were never meant for a dance, but the marvellous supper and band made it a success. The shelves were full of estate ledgers we noticed, and law reports. For one night in the year the clerks, surveyors and lawyers are replaced by a brilliant gathering, flashing up and down the dusty rooms. Some showed the original panelling and carving, others were hung with Grosvenor portraits that have hung there since the dismantling of old Grosvenor House.

Our hostess was Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, in cream-white—we wondered at her retaining the coatee in the heat. All the Duke's old friends were there, those seen at his three great annual parties at Eaton in May for the Chester races and in August for a tennis meeting, and in November for shooting.

We noted Katherine Duchess of Westminster, debutantes and ex-debutantes like Lady Kathleen Cole, Shelagh Morrison-Bell and Virginia Gilliatt. Mrs. Satterthwaite, the tennis star, Lord Graves, the bookie peer, Lord and Lady Enniskillen were others—and Mr. Anthony Eden made one of his dramatic dashes to the telephone. It must be very trying when the Foreign Office presents you with a new crisis in the middle of a dance.

Much French Spoken

MANY at Mrs. Ronald Greville's dinner to the Duke and Duchess of Kent, including the Brazilian Ambassador and his wife and Lord and Lady Londonderry (he resplendent in Garter and decorations) went on to the very pleasant reception by Sir Philip Sassoon to the chiefs of the Féderation Aeronautique Internationale at his house.

His sister, Lady Cholmondeley, showing her lovely sapphires on a gold dress in Eastern style, received. Our Foreign Secretary and his wife were there, and others included Mrs. Neville Chamberlain in blue, Lady Oxford in black and white with her daughter and granddaughter, Tauber and his pretty red-haired wife, Mme. de Margerie and her witty husband, Lady Juliet Duff in a dark-blue crinoline tulle, and the chief guests, Princes Kinsky (Austria), Radziwill (Poland), and Bibesco (Roumania).

The guests sat about in groups—much French spoken—and found the buffet in the room panelled with the famous Cardinal de Rohan boiserie.

A Ghost Will Walk

LADY RALEIGH'S attractive daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Strutt, held a sherry-meeting in her Hyde Park Square house for the great Ball-in-the-Zoo on Tuesday next (July 6th) and the news that the late (and unlamented) Marquess of Hertford's ghost would walk was received with hilarity by the many young-marrieds present. Lady Grenfell in pink with a small black straw bonnet, and Mrs. Irby in green, black and white speckled linen were two of them. Over a thousand are to be there and Lady Howard de Walden will sup a party of thirty-five.

Quarrelled with Our Neighbour

MRS. CHARLES CHADWICK, an American hostess, news of whose hospitalities in Palm Beach have often reached us, gave a very large dinner party at the Ritz, so large that three long tables, in the large private room on the right, were filled.

Many women wore white. Lady Carisbrooke, whose diagonally tucked crêpe dress was the personification of elegance, was one; Lady Mount-Temple and Lady Reid, a beautiful Austrian, who wore some really magnificent emeralds, were others.

Captain Jefferson Cohen was at this party, a man of such charm and personality that we quarrelled with our neighbour as to whom had known him the longest.

And So On

FROM there we went to the reception-dance that Lady Annaly and Mr. Edward Hulton gave at 11, Hill Street to meet Dominion and Colonial visitors; one of the last of these parties, and more 's the pity, for at them you can meet new friends and greet old ones from all over the world.

House of Commons Christening

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grimston's baby daughter was christened in the Crypt of the House of Commons, and had Lady Zia Wernher (left) and Lady Airlie among her godparents. Mr. Grimston has been M.P. for Westbury, Wilts., since 1931; Mrs. Grimston is Sir Cecil Newman's sister.

Another Commons Christening

Colonel and Mrs. Leonard Ropner's son was also christened last week in the House of Commons' Crypt, and was named John Bruce Woollacot. Colonel Ropner has been M.P. for Barkston Ash, in Yorkshire, since 1931; Mrs. Ropner was Esmé Robertson before her marriage in 1932. Another M.P., Capt. Charles Waterhouse, was one of the godparents

The Marchioness of Dufferin, looking very pretty, Miss Anna May Wong, and beautiful "Michael" Vyner were the first people we saw on arrival.

Loth as we were to leave, rumours of the Austrian atmosphere promised at the Richard Taubers' party round the corner in Curzon Street made us move on around 1 a.m., where we found that the famous singer and his vivacious wife were giving a really marvellous entertainment.

The Alex Barclays, a tall couple who dance beautifully together (he plays polo well, too) were there, lovely Susan Bligh in dark brown tulle, dividing her dances into sections to keep her admirers pacified, Lady Carlisle and her pretty debutante daughter, who obediently went home early, and Mrs. John Rayner, one of the few women who are slim enough to wear a glittering sequin dress.

Hoarded for Ascot

Women are noticeably better dressed when Ascot is over.

Clothes that have been carefully hoarded for the auspicious occasion are worn afterwards on any and every occasion. Hence the increased popularity of the shorter, neater, type of dress that can be worn for luncheon and cocktail-parties.

One of the best of recent luncheon-parties was given one day last week by Mrs. Barbara Back, with an interesting sprinkling of the stage among the guests; Miss Ruth Chatterton, who talked to Mr. Selfridge, Miss Jeanne de Casalis who talked flying; Mr. Beverley Nichols, who would not talk of his revue (it was the day of its production).

Pretty Miss Panting, who looks so unlike our idea of an editress, Mr. and Mrs. Frere Reeves, Mr. Collie Knox, and Mr. Eric Dunstan, of the silver hair and golden voice, were among those connected with literature and the Press.

Cocktails and Caviare

We may be wrong (according to some critics), but we enjoyed the first night of "Floodlight" a lot.

Mr. John Mills, who happens to be new to us, is a versatile young man of great charm; Hermione Baddeley excelled herself, and Frances Day surprised us by the inexplicable strength that lies behind that frail voice and platinum-blonde appearance.

Mr. Richard Rose, who presents the show, collected his first-night guests for cocktails and caviare at the Berkeley before the show, and there we found Mrs. Arthur Crichton with Lord Erne, Lord and Lady Milford Haven, and Count Torby; Sir "Eddie" Marsh, Miss Lily Elsie, looking so beautiful, and the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett (Zena Dare).

Racing by Night

We have not mentioned many charity entertainments of late, but would remind you of the Anti-Dud Ball at the Dorchester on July 13th in aid of an appeal for the development of the British Provident Association.

An entertainment in the form of "Cecil Beaton's Scrap Album," with beauties like the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, Lady Ursula Manners and Lady Elizabeth Paget, and clever people like Lord Berners and the Hon. David Herbert taking part, should prove an irresistible attraction.

Also of an evening's pony racing at Northolt on July 7th, in aid of the City of London Maternity Hospital.

Dinner and supper will be served in the members' enclosure at a cost of £1 including admission, less charges in other stands. It should be great fun, and when Sir Ian Walker, the chairman, gave a very good cocktail-party last Wednesday to get us all interested in it, he certainly succeeded.

MISS PEEPS

The Quilter Christening

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Quilter's son has King Leopold of Belgium as godfather, and was christened Anthony Raymond Leopold Cuthbert, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Quilter is Sir Cuthbert Quilter's son and heir; Mrs. Quilter's father is Mr. Douglas Cook, M.P.

The Forbes Christening

Major and Mrs. Fergus Forbes' son was christened John Alistair Ponsonby in the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, with three godfathers and three godmothers. Major Fergus Forbes is in the Coldstream Guards

The Hon. Nancy Brett and Mr. Evelyn Shuckburgh

Left: Mr. Shuckburgh and Miss Brett were walking in the Park the day their engagement was announced. He is the eldest son of Sir John and Lady Shuckburgh, and is in the Diplomatic Service. She is the second daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Esher, and is nineteen this year

In Couples

Two Engagements, A Wedding and Two After-Dark Dates

Miss Sammut and Mr. d'Erlanger

Left: Miss Gladys Sammut and Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger are being married next month. They were photographed at his house Sellingdon, near Cholsey, in Berkshire. She used to work at the famous flower-shop next Buck's Club

Sir Peter Farquhar and Mrs. E. E. Knowles

Sir Peter Farquhar and Mrs. Elizabeth Evelyn Knowles were married last week at Caxton Hall register office. He used to be in the 16th-5th Lancers, and had a place at Newbury; he has been Joint-Master with Lord Rosebery of the Whaddon Chase for the last three seasons

The Hon. Thomas and Lady Elizabeth Coke

Sat in early state in their stalls at the first night of the Beverley Nichols revue last week. Mr. Coke is Lord Leicester's grandson, and was Equerry to the King as Duke of York

Viscount and Viscountess Moore

Were at the party which the Richard Taubers gave a week or so ago. Lord Moore married his lovely American wife two years ago (Jane Carr she was), and they have a son and heir, born earlier this year

The Theatre

"Satyr" at the Shaftesbury

Musician suffering from satyriasis: Peter de Meyer (Marius Goring)

Sketches by Rouson

THE belief that no subject is outside the scope of the theatre is one to be encouraged. If we were to turn Mr. Paul Leslie's play off the stage of the Shaftesbury on the ground that sexual and homicidal mania is no fit subject for drama, we should be bound in common fairness to cast out of the theatrical repertoire a play of the calibre of Ibsen's *Ghosts*. Yet the dramatist who acts boldly upon this entirely healthy belief must reckon with the practical difficulties that may be inherent in his out-of-the-way subject. The loves of deaf mutes, it has been pointed out, would not be a very rewarding theme for an art dependent on dialogue, and Mr. Leslie's study of a man born more than a bit of a satyr suffers for the same kind of reason.

IT has at its centre something less than a human being, a pathological case. This disadvantage it might seem to share with *Ghosts*. But a comparison between the two plays would show the difference between a masterpiece which transcends the disagreeableness of its subject and a competent play which is slightly contaminated by the case it treats. Ibsen's Oswald, like Mr. Leslie's Peter de Meyer, inherits mental disease from his father and is not responsible for his actions, but the drama of *Ghosts* springs from the human reactions of the other characters to the psychological case in their midst. The story carries with it a challenge to conventional morality, and its real protagonist is not Oswald, but Mrs. Alving. In *Satyr*, the chief actor is the boy who periodically goes mad, and during his amnesia destroys young girls. Once we have realised the nature of his malady, we can only watch it grow or abate with the kind of interest that we might take in the progress of any patient on the edge and sometimes over the edge of delirium. It is a medical rather than a dramatic interest.

MR. LESLIE has provided the boy with a mother no less devoted to him than was Mrs. Alving to her son, and here was the same way out of a dilemma that Ibsen took. But Mr. Leslie closes the opening against himself. The mother shares the centre of the stage with the afflicted Peter, and might, were her devotion wholly sane, give the conflict the human values which it lacks. This she cannot do, for the dramatist hints that she herself is slightly mad. She conceals her son's madness from him in the hope that he may outgrow it. The dangerous expedient fails, and she is prepared to be an accessory to a succession of murders until the time comes when her son is in danger of arrest. Then, at his request, she kills him. For her sake, a doctor who lives in a strange servantless New York house also conspires to protect the maniac. His apparent detachment raises our hopes of human reactions, but he grows steadily less rational and, in the end, defends himself by suggesting that one deranged but powerful mind may by daily contact have deranged two others.

BUT as a spectacle of the suffering which disease may inflict, the play is a very persuasive piece of work. It sticks in the mind, and one wishes it wouldn't. The morbid fascination it possesses loses nothing in the acting. Mr. Marius Goring uses no obvious tricks to commend the maniac to our pity, and brilliantly succeeds in his aims; Miss Flora Robson suggests the intolerable weight of the mother's suffering with deeply considered restraint; and Mr. A. E. Matthews conveys the doctor's misery by subtly varying an appearance of extreme casualness.

A. V. C.

Crazed mother fighting for crazy son: Helen de Meyer (Flora Robson). The sympathetic family doctor is Dr. Mackenzie (A. E. Matthews)

Medico-sleuth and social worker Dr. Ernest Taylor (Ellis Irving) and Tony Evans (Patricia Mallinson)

Norman Parkinson

John Nash—Paris Exhibition Artist

If statistics set the note of the Russian Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition, sport is the British theme, and John Nash, like so many of the artists who have contributed work to the British Pavilion, had an outdoor amusement set him as subject for his three-dimensional pictorial group. Here he was at work on it with two assistants, G. Wales and A. T. Waterer, who are both students at the Royal College of Art, where John Nash is teacher in the School of Design. He is a brother of Paul Nash; was one of the first members of the London Group; like his brother, joined the Artists' Rifles, and later became an official War artist; has pictures in the Tate and various provincial galleries and the Victoria and Albert Museum; is a member of the Society of Wood Engravers. He lives in Buckinghamshire and counts horticulture and music as his "additional pursuits"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE Lord Mayor of London and his sheriffs and suite had a nice four days in Paris to open the British Pavilion at the Exposition, it seems, though his Lordship didn't give the Parisians the complete works as in 1906—State coach, calves, plush, wigs, cocked hats, *et tout le tremblement*. Only the semi-State coach was taken over this time, with the sheriffs' carriages and nine horses. On the other hand, the pipers of the Gordons preceded these, which must have satisfied the Paris mob fairly well. They know all about the Scottish troops (though they don't know what we do, namely, that these troops won the Great War, huh, huh), and kilts always make them happy and pleased; not to speak of jokes suggested by *la jupe écossaise* to the Gallic mind, and often unsuitable.

Low Mark

A RECENT questionnaire issued by Mr. Sidney L. Bernstein, who owns all those London cinemas, revealed that among the stars most disliked by those fans who filled up the form are Charlie Chaplin and Mae West. This crack at La West isn't perhaps surprising. We 've more than once wondered why this stout, elderly, vaccine sweetheart has become so famous. Marie Lloyd, that great artist, should be alive to show Hollywood what Mae West might have been if she 'd had brains and personality. Mr. Chaplin's fall from favour can also be explained, perhaps; his last film was a pretty uninspired assemblage of well-worn tricks. Anyway, if the proletariat is bored with him, the highbrows aren't, up to now, which must balance things.

The highbrows are fond of adopting clowns. Grock was their darling and chouchou in the days when A. B. Walkley wrote an essay on him for *The Times*, in the course of which Walkley quoted Croce, Jean-Paul Richter, Victor Hugo, and Sainte-Beuve. Now Chaplin has taken Grock's place, and has even cited in Duchartre's standard work on the Old Italian Comedy some of the "business" in *Shoulder Arms* apparently resembling some fooling of Pulcinella's in one of the Commedia scripts. We 've also seen Chaplin's name cropping up more than once in the highbrow weeklies, apropos of something serious. It gives your highbrow a pleasant glow to talk of a popular clown's "planes" and "values" and so forth, these things being hidden from the applauding vulgar. There is no snobbish rot of this kind in J. B. Priestley's essay on Little Tich, a model of sound analysis and appreciation. Our highbrows seem to have missed Little Tich, the idol of the Guitry's and of half Paris, for some reason. Perhaps they didn't understand what he was doing with those feet of his.

Idioms: No. 1

"C'est une pierre dans votre jardin"
"That 's one in the eye for you"

"It 's nothing, Madam. He just holed in one"

Culture Dept.

WORTHIEST uplift movement of the year, so far, is the great Culture-in-the-Pub drive recently launched by the Poet Laureate, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and other earnest prominent thinkers. Their manifesto to *The Times* revealed that the myriad topers of Great Britain are thirsting unbeknown to themselves, for Culture and hate having to drink their evening beer without dollops of Shakespeare and poetry-recitals. So the Poet Laureate and his meinie are going to let 'em have it, and the O.U.D.S. started the offensive on June 24th by playing *Twelfth Night* in a pub on an L.C.C. housing-estate. A rather genteel and cautious opening, it seemed to us. Dame Sybil and a few fellow-workers ought to have descended on some village pub full of fierce, hearty agriculturists, and rubbed their noses firmly in Shelley, Keats, and what-have-you. That would have been a fair receptivity test.

The Culture Party is careful to dissociate itself, in its manifesto, from "highbrowism," but what it means by highbrowism and what the Four-Ale Bar means by it may be different things. We observe that the Globe-Mermaid group, whose inhuman project of erecting Ye Olde Globe and Ye Olde Mermayde Inne on Bankside, at a cost of £250,000, to be raised by Anglo-American subscription, still seems to be in the air, have hastened to jump in on the Poet Laureate's publicity with the assurance that "a new vitality awaits British drama in a re-association with inns of the best type." Verily and how! It certainly does, and in the meantime, as somebody has already suggested, what about representatives of the Four-Ale-Bar descending on the haunts of the Culture boys with a selection of lusty oaths, dartboards, songs, ribaldry, shove-ha'penny, and rural horseplay, just as a courteous exchange?

We report this suggestion because some people seem to detect in the Culture Drive just the faintest, weeniest adumbration of a soupçon of upper-middle-class condescension: Lady Bountiful and the Rector's wife, as it

were, swooping on the Deserving Poor with Suitable Literature. Naturally this isn't true, but those who can dish it out ought to be able to take it, and we know a couple of nice rowdy rural alehouses whose regulars would be delighted to call on the Poet Laureate's refined friends for this purpose at any time.

Action! Action!

No balletomanes, us; but we like ballet when it's good, not too arty-Freudy, and above all amusing, and we loved the Philadelphia Ballet Company's show at the Hippodrome. Those pious balletomanes who go to Sadler's Wells as if to church, if they ever went to church, apparently turn up their long pale noses at such high-spirited fun. These are the boys and girls, and others, whom Nicolas Bentley guys so mirifically in his new book, *Ballet-Hoo*—and don't we just wish we'd thought of "Serge Pantz" for the name of a solemn young *premier danseur* before Mr. Bentley did! The American ballet naturally wouldn't charm such-like. *Barn Dance* is about a Light Maiden and a City Slicker of the 'nineties, arriving at a virtuous village dance and causing havoc. *Terminal*, a bit of fun in a New York railway terminus, is nearly as good. Enormously slick and vital and electric and efficient the dancing is, like nearly every American stage show, and frightfully unlike our native slow-motion tradition. When the stage-manager in one of Noel Coward's playlets says of the leading lady going through her big scene: "The old cow's tearing herself to bits," it sounds like hot, energetic, breathless motion. Actually it means that the lady in question is very deliberately, and with dignified, well-bred, well-weighed gestures, tearing her emotions to rags an inch at a time, with dramatic pauses, slow beatings on breast and bosom, and long moments of frozen immobility, except for a measured rolling of the eyes. An old playgoer tells us everything was even slower in the Golden Age, and between the time the lady raised the dagger and the time she planted it, with shuddering misgivings, in the gentleman's heart you had time to go to the bar for a drink. This must be a lie.

The *raison d'être* of our leisurely stage tradition was, and still is, to enable a West End audience to catch up. This also explains the detailed explanations under those jokes in our National Comic. They give their devoted public time to absorb fully what she says to him and he to her, and why the clergyman is laughing, and whose relation the dear little girl is, and why her mother looks so shocked. If you've ever seen a Pall Mall Clubman frowning his way through the Comic inch by inch, all concentration and high tension, you'll realise how necessary these helps are. That's why so many first-class American shows flop dead on this side. They don't give a chap a chance.

"Who's a mirage?"

Boon

Lowering a pint or two of loathsome beer the other day with an eminent literary bloke of title—oh, yes, we move in those circles, *and* with perfect, unselfconscious grace—we got into a very interesting huddle on this question: which invention has proved the greater scourge to hapless mankind, the printing-press or the aeroplane? He said the printing-press. Before Caxton got his foul idea, he said, only good books were written out in a scriptorium—and how beautifully-copied with loving care, and put into circulation. Now a ceaseless flood of stuff, mostly rubbish, overwhelms the staggered world week by week, and it's becoming rapidly impossible for even a very good book to get any recognition, save by luck. He was very morbid about it. We thought the aeroplane worse, not only because it can destroy life so swiftly, easily, and completely, and not only because flying makes us personally sick, but because there are rapidly becoming fewer and fewer peaceful places by the sea or inland to which its obvious racket doesn't penetrate nowadays. He said yes, but it wasn't as bad as the printing-press. He was utterly despondent about the whole thing.

Since that discussion, we notice, there are loud complaints from Oxford, where apparently lecturers have to stop talking, reading-men can't read, and men taking their Finals can't think out ways of double-crossing the examiners, all because low-flying aeroplanes fly to and fro over the Academic Groves from as early as 8.30 a.m., and sometimes stay around most of the day, deafening and infuriating everybody; which, considering that Oxford is the nursery of, roughly, fifty per cent. of our future thinkers, legislators, proconsuls, leaders of Public Opinion, dress-designers, and intellectuals of every kind, seems a bit tough on the Empire. Added to which the Air Ministry seems to be steadily turning as many of the remaining desolate, bird-haunted and still undefiled places round the coast into little hells as it possibly can. No, we think the aeroplane's worse; even if you throw in Fleet Street.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

The Old and the Young Waltz-Kings

Josef Lanner, acknowledged waltz-king of Vienna, is played by Fernand Charpin; his young rival and first violinist of his orchestra, Johann Strauss, is Pierre Mingand

Fernard Gravey, who was in the just-over Curzon film, "Mister Flow," plays the part of a young musician in Lanner's orchestra. With him is Mlle. Arletty

"The Court Waltzes . . ."

The Court Was Queen Victoria's, The Film Is at the Curzon

In *The Court Waltzes* . . . Queen Victoria appears on the screen in England for the first time since the hundred-years'-ban came off last Tuesday. Madeleine Ozeray takes the part, but it is only a small one. The important people are Lanner and Strauss and the story is of their battle over the waltz, of how the new music was brought to London, and of how the two Viennese waltz-kings became friends again in the end. Ludwig Berger directed the film for Guenther Stapenhorst. Lord Tyrell, master-censor, approved the film after various "undignified" scenes had been cut, and it was given a gala premiere at the Curzon last night

Scandal at the Palace

Jeanine Crispin (she was in "2nd Bureau") is the star of the film, as leader of a waltz-band of beautiful young women who bring the ravishing Viennese rhythm to London. Their introduction into Buckingham Palace to play before the Queen was one of the passages of the film objected to by the Censor. In the photograph above Kati, their leader, was being hustled out of the Palace

Catherine Littlefield

Ballerina, Choregrapher and Ballet Mistress of the Philadelphia Ballet

Photographs by Anthony

In "The Fairy Doll," Her Own Version of a Ballet in which Pavlova Used to Dance

The Philadelphia Ballet's appearance in London has been of great interest to the vast audience for ballet that now exists here. This young company, only eighteen months old, is doing in America something akin to the Vic-Wells Company's work here—creating a ballet based on tradition but drawing its freshest inspiration from the national character and atmosphere. Catherine Littlefield formed the company when the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, in which she was ballerina, came to an end. She was trained by Egorova for some years, is technically strong, and has a great sense of comedy and characterisation, both in her own dancing and in her choregraphy. Her two completely American works, *Barn Dance* and *Terminal*, have been the biggest successes here; *Barn Dance* in particular has delighted by its tremendous vitality, the skill of the choregrapher in adapting folk dances to ballet and her handling of the crowded rapid scene, and the brilliant team-work of the dancers. The company's more ambitious ballets, *Daphnis and Chloe* and *The Sleeping Princess*, the former a great success at home, have unfortunately not been transported over the Atlantic

The Star's blonde wig, white flannel suit, orchids and jewellery set the note for "Terminal's" brief burlesque of Hollywood

Even in a main line terminus the Star must give the photographers a chance to see her as a simple gardening girl—

As the Star in "Terminal"

—As a Simple Beach Girl—

—And as a Simple Home Girl

Howard Coster, London

National Custodians

No. 3. Sir Eric Maclagan, Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum

Sir Eric Robert Dalrymple Maclagan is the son of the late Archbishop of York, and a grandson through his mother of the Viscount Barrington who sat as M.P. for Berkshire throughout the Hungry 'Forties (it was an Irish title). He went to Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford, and entered the Victoria and Albert Museum as a young man of twenty-six, in 1905. During the war he was lent to the Foreign Office, later was sent to Paris and in 1918 became Controller for France. Then, in 1921, he went back to the calm of the Museum, as Deputy Keeper in the architecture and sculpture department, and three years later took his present position as Director and Secretary. He has been lecturer to various universities and held a Harvard professorship for two years, has been vice-president of the Society of Antiquaries, and president of the Museums Association. His special subject is Italian renaissance sculpture, on which he has published a book. He married a cousin of Lord Harewood, has two sons, lives near the Museum in Queen's Gate Place, was knighted in 1933

Norman Parkinson

Passengers' Shadows

Having broken fast in England they can reach Paris in ninety minutes, can go to Hamburg for lunch, Copenhagen for tea or Stockholm for dinner. For these great saloon liners belonging to British Airways have a cruising speed of 175 m.p.h.

Dancer in "Les Sylphides"

Tamara Toumanova in "Symphonie Fantastique"

Left: Margot Fonteyn in "Baiser de la Fée"

Below: Tamara Toumanova in "Symphonie Fantastique"

Movement in Dancing: Studies of Two Personalities in Contemporary Ballet by Theyre Lee-Elliott

These five studies are by Theyre Lee-Elliott, artist, designer, and balletomane, and were shown in his exhibition of ballet pictures at Sadler's Wells, held just before the end of the Wells season under the auspices of the Ballet School Scheme. Lee-Elliott, whose work as a designer of posters is well-known, has evolved an entirely new technique for the portrayal of movement in ballet: he uses gouache, treated in water-colour style for the background, and worked with a dry brush for the figures. In the simplicity of these pictures the artist has undoubtedly been influenced by the strict economy necessary for the poster style but, to quote Arnold Haskell's note on the Exhibition, "he has remembered that they are dancers on the stage, not athletes to be analysed with cold precision, and he has given us all the illusion of theatre with its light, colour and glamour"

Margot Fonteyn in "Apparitions"

Summer Evening Fashions by Dolcis

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Films of the Day

A Soviet Picture : By George Campbell

It 's queer how things go in the film world. Take Paul Muni. Two years ago his *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* was hailed as one of the greatest pictures ever made and, incidentally, must have brought Warner Brothers a tidy profit. Last year *The Story of Louis Pasteur* proved a totally unexpected success at the box-office, and won Muni a medal for the best male performance of the year. Now along comes *The Woman Between*, and it won't mean a thing to either art or commerce. It 's just another triangle tear-jerker, punctuated with bullets.

Not that it 's bad, exactly. Muni's performance as the French airman, bearded and a trifle gauche, sensitive to his unpopularity, regarded by his comrades as a jinx because two of his observers have been killed, is a strong and convincing bit of work, at times really moving. And the plot—the young officer on leave who has a sudden, romantic affair with a young woman, only to learn in time that she is the wife of his best friend—a good picture could be made out of that, with a little care, and often has.

Where *The Woman Between* falls down is in its detail. Hundreds of brilliant, highly successful pictures have had old plots—the original *Seventh Heaven*, for instance, going right back to Cinderella ; but in each case there was something fresh and engaging in the treatment, the characters were not just cardboard figures from the " prop." room. In *The Woman Between* you have seen all the people, except possibly the bearded airman, a dozen times before ; the humour is standardised Mack Sennett. Louis Hayward is tense and taut in the Noel Coward manner, and Miriam Hopkins, though by no means without talent, is unmistakably from that fourth part of Gaul which lies south of the Mason and Dixon line.

I much preferred *We From Kronstadt*, the latest slice of Soviet propaganda imported via the Film Society. The period is October, 1919, the theme the triumph of the revolutionary spirit in the struggle between the Reds on the one side and the Whites and their allies on the other for the possession of St. Petersburg. It is very, very Russian. There are long pauses while people stare at each other without as much as blinking. There is even more muddle and confusion than there is in most revolutions, and everybody makes speeches. The appearance of a commissar or a commander is the signal for a sailor or peasant to get off a speech voicing the ideals of Lenin. They can't even fight a battle without dictating a resolution expressing the obvious in terms of Karl Marx.

But with all the naïveté there are certain qualities that lift this picture out of the ordinary rut. The director, E. Dzigan, has infused into it a genuine fire and passion, the camera angles and photography are brilliant, and the acting of a large cast is almost uniformly distinguished. The performance of V. Zaichikov, as the commissar, Vasily Martinov, is especially impressive. Martinov, apparently, was the Bolshevik charged with the organisation of the defence of Kronstadt. If the film is authentic—and I presume that on this point it is—the fact that he had served just two days in the navy was more than atoned for by a Communist party record going back to 1901. The others are similarly judged by the length of their membership and the number of gaol sentences to their credit. More than once the inquisition produces a touch of humour, as when one sailor, asked whether he belongs to the working class, replies, " I don't rightly know. My father was an officer and my mother was a cook." Any misapprehension as to the comrade's loyalty on the distaff side is instantly removed by the remark, " You needn't worry about my father—he 's in gaol."

The scenes of battle are on a small scale but none the worse for that. Where they could have been improved is in the trick photography—the effects of shell-bursts, and so on—and the sound-recording. The shooting suggests small boys firing toy pistols, and is, incidentally, too bad to be true. The recording of dialogue and music, on the other hand, is excellent.

Despite the tendency in all Russian films to keep pointing a moral which would be all the more effective for being implicit, *We of Kronstadt* is an interesting and even remarkable bit of film-craft, with one of the most dramatic scenes—the execution of the captured Bolsheviks, lined up on the edge of a cliff with stones around their necks and pushed over into the sea—that I have ever seen on the screen.

The other pictures are not important. If you like wisecracks fired from a machine-gun, and a new twist every fifty feet, you will probably enjoy *Love is News*, a Twentieth Century-Fox production directed by Tay Garnett. Tyrone Power plays a reporter entrusted with the job of keeping the richest girl in the world on the front page, Loretta Young is the girl who puts him there instead, with a dentifrical smile, by announcing they are engaged, and Slim Summerville scores heavily as the hick judge who slams them both in a comic gaol.

The Frog, by way of contrast, is very English. The characters are of the theatre. The plot marches like a Beef-eater, and Gordon Harker's humour as Sergeant Elk is of a familiar vintage. Judging by past experience, it will be none the less popular for that.

" We From Kronstadt "

This Russian film is well in the tradition of the Academy Cinema where it started its London run last Friday. It deals with the Kronstadt sailors' rout of the White forces who besieged Petrograd in 1919, was written by Vishnesky, a former sailor and now a noted Soviet writer, directed by Dzigan. On the right are two of the chief characters—Balashov, a sailor, played by G. Bushuev, and the Kronstadt Commissar, played by V. Zaichikov. A million people saw the film in Moscow, and its Paris run lasted ten months.

Below: Frank Fahy (Proinnsais o Fathaigh) has been Ceann Comhairle of the Dail since 1932, but must be re-elected to the Speakership in the new Dail. He was a teacher of Irish, Latin and Science before he went into politics, was Sinn Fein M.P., 1918-22, and has represented Galway in the Dail since 1921

Francis Patrick Fahy, Speaker of Dail Eireann

The Lord Mayor of Dublin

The Rt. Hon. Alderman Alfred Byrne has been Lord Mayor of Dublin since 1931, and has set up a record by being elected by popular vote for eight successive years. One of the most popular men in Ireland, "Alfie" and his handshake are famous. His chain of office, incidentally, is older than that of the Lord Mayor of London

Eamon de Valera, the Strong Man of Ireland

Riders to the Sea—on the

The President of the Executive Council, and His Chief Opponent in To-morrow's Elections

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Baron

William T. Cosgrave, Leader of the Opposition

Troubled Waters of Irish Politics

To-morrow, July 1st, take place the elections for Dail Eireann, with de Valera leading the Government side, the Fianna Fail, and Cosgrave leading the chief opposition party, the Fine Gael. At the same time by a separate vote a plebiscite is being taken on de Valera's new Constitution, and that to the man in the street here sets to-morrow's issue as between Ireland's voting itself out of the British Commonwealth or not. Cosgrave's Ireland, the Free State, would voluntarily remain a member, retaining all the advantages he believes such a membership offers. De Valera's Ireland is a Republic tout court, free of legal or sentimental attachments to England, a country with its own utterly individual future. De Valera and Cosgrave changed places as leaders of the Government and the Opposition in 1932, after Cosgrave had been President of the Executive Council for ten years. De Valera also holds the portfolio of the Minister for External Affairs, and was President of the Council of the League of Nations in 1932. The photograph of him was taken in Dublin just before the dissolution of the Dail

The Dream:

a Study of Michael Vyner, the Australian Film Actress, by Norman Parkinson

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Women in Love—and in Politics: By Alan Thomas

"Lois in Love" (Dent; 7s. 6d.) is the first of Mr. Lewis Gibbs' books that I have read. Neither the title nor the picture on the wrapper gives much indication of the deeply moving story which he has written. "Most people," he begins, "have two parents and a home, but it was otherwise with Lois. She had no memory of her mother, and though she had places to live in, she had no home." True she had a father, but he, for reasons best known to himself (and to the police), left in a hurry for Versailles where, choosing "a secluded bosquet rich with the foliage of mid-spring, he shot himself without a great deal of deliberation, three yards from a stained and time-worn statue of Pomona holding a chipped basket of stone fruit in its remaining arm." (How aptly does Mr. Gibbs bring the suicide to life!) And so at the age of eighteen, Lois is left to face the unfriendly world alone. A shy girl, nervous and beset with fear, she gets a job as assistant mistress in a school for orphans, a sanctuary in which she gives up "looking at the future." The future, however, intruded upon her in the person of Lee Weston, a bachelor some fifteen years her senior. In telling of the love which develops between these two and moves with something of the fatalism of Greek drama towards its tragic close, Mr. Gibbs has avoided any touch of sentimentality. He has breathed life into his characters so that we understand not only the motives for their actions, but also why in terms of human personality those actions are inevitable. As a work of creative imagination, *Lois in Love* is in the alpha class.

Nine or ten months ago, Mr. Richard Sale published his first novel, entitled *Not Too Narrow . . . Not Too Deep*. It created an impression with me when I read it, and I made a note to watch for any further books that he might write. I am glad I did so, for, having just finished his second novel, *Is a Ship Burning?* (Cassell; 7s. 6d.), I have formed the opinion that Mr. Sale is an author of unusual merit. His characters are alive and thoroughly convincing, and when he writes of the sea and ships, he does so as one who knows the ropes. In this book he tells how the s.s. Marino burned and sank in the Caribbean. Before the event we are introduced to some of the crew and passengers. We learn of their relations to one another and in particular of the love of the wireless operator (who is the narrator throughout) for a girl passenger named Sydney Wells. The description of Sydney's death in the lifeboat, with the nigger oarsman chanting a Spiritual, is profoundly moving. Nor shall I easily forget the raftful of people floating about in the shark-infested waters. There is a man on the raft who falls asleep and rolls off. . . . Another jumped off, and "the fins cut in, all converging towards him."

Mr. Sale has an understanding of human nature and he writes about it clear-sightedly and with admirable economy. This is a novel that holds the reader from beginning to end.

When Mr. Richard L. Stokes arrived in Paris last summer with a commission to write a series of articles for an American newspaper, he found that there was not in existence any biography of the Socialist Prime Minister of France. So he promptly sat down and wrote one. He does well not to claim for his life of *Léon Blum* (Jarrolds; 12s. 6d.) that it will function as more than "a stop-gap till a standard account is written, either by the Premier himself, or some member of his intimate circle." For no one who has not had access to private papers could pretend to tell the whole story. What Mr. Stokes has done, however, is to give a very readable account of M. Blum's activities from his birth to the present day—an account which I have read with much interest, and which I will not here attempt to summarise. Mr. Stokes himself is not a socialist; but that does not mean that he writes as an anti-socialist. When he is not (as he usually is) strictly impartial, he tends to regard M. Blum in a friendly light. One of the few personal judgments Mr. Stokes expresses is that it was probably the French Prime Minister's initiative in proposing non-intervention that rendered unlikely a possible European war.

Sir Norman Angell's gift for clear thinking and dispassionate exposition was never better illustrated than in his latest book, entitled *The Defence of the Empire* (Hamish Hamilton; 6s.). The purpose of the book is "to enquire whether the direction taken by British foreign policy during the last decade or so is compatible with the continued security of the British Empire, or with peace; secondly to call attention to the mood which has accompanied the prevailing tendency of policy; and thirdly, to indicate an alternative policy of defence and peace." The alternative policy included the establishment of a fact-finding commission for the purpose of elucidating "this Have and Have-not business," proposals for third-party judgment in international disputes, and the formation of a defensive confederation—open to all—based on the principle that an attack on one is an attack on everyone. All of which sounds obvious good sense. Whether it will be acted upon or not will depend, as Sir Norman says, on "whether any sanity at all can modify the nationalist scale of values now accepted by the peoples of the world." Whatever one's view of the situation—in particular of our Government's foreign policy—this is a book that cannot fail as an aid to lucid thought and to clear, considered judgment.

"Irina Fallova and Michael Youpushoff in 'Les Sylphides'"

An illustration from Nicolas Bentley's "Ballet-Hoo," the irreverent book which all "balletptomaines" are reading for its wit, impertinence, and real knowledge of the ballet

Another political book—of especial interest to women—is *Woman Must Choose* by Hilary Newitt (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.). This is an examination of the position of women in the Fascist countries, the U.S.S.R., and the Western democracies respectively. Miss Newitt spent the summer of 1936 travelling round Europe collecting information. And this book is the result. She refrains from drawing any conclusions because she wishes her readers to draw their own conclusions. But the direction of her thought is obvious: the political equality of men and women in Russia provides us, as Miss Storm Jameson says in a preface, with a "stick against which we can measure not only the condition of German women, but the condition of women in England and the remaining political democracies." Not everyone will accept Miss Newitt's assumption. But her book is a scholarly and valuable contribution to the literature of Feminism.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 93

The Tearful Lady

By Elinor Mordaunt

Illustration by Lowen

It looked like a real door, with the paint a little fresher and more unscratched than the others in the long slightly curved row of tall houses. It was, in fact, a real door, with knocker and knob and keyhole flap and keyhole; and letter slit, with flap complete. Both builder and carpenter, however, would have sworn that there were no workable hinges, no moveable catch: that it was the mere semblance of a door—as they had left it, anyhow. It was Police Constable Nicholls who first suspected some sort of alteration: an actual key, an actual latch in more or less constant use.

At first he could not be sure. He saw people coming from or going to one or other of the houses in the middle of the curve—seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight—eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two, eighty-three, usually late at night. But of course, what with being in the habit of counting out seventy-nine, and the bad lighting of the street, the length of his beat, and the continual roar of the trains which made it difficult to locate any precise sound such as the slamming of a door, the thing remained undetermined, and Nicholls just could not get on to it.

At one time the houses had been fine family residences; even now the ones at either end of the elongated curve were let out in respectable flats. As they reached the middle they deteriorated to single rooms where the occupants were continually changing for reasons apart from the appalling noise, the way in which they shook with the underground railway entering its tunnel just beneath them, in the very centre of the row. They were, indeed, scarcely safe, and it was for no reason apart from the preservation of a sort of symmetry that the aspect of seventy-nine had been preserved.

It may seem a longish jump from Sefton Gardens to the Restaurant Universal in Jermyn Street; from Police Constable Nicholls to Mr. Harold Stevens and Pamela Richards. But things do link up in a curious fashion, there is no doubt about that.

In his capacity of dramatic critic, Stevens had attended the first night of a new play quite alone, looked in to the Restaurant Universal for supper, and caught sight of Pamela.

She was sitting down at a table almost in the centre of the room, looking round her like a trapped animal, very frightened, this girl with wide open blue eyes. She had a soft mouth open also, slightly raised brows, and a fluff of fair hair with a ridiculously floppy hat decorated with pink calico roses perched on top of it; wore a flimsy flowered muslin frock, and white shoes very much trodden down at one side.

Her frock was very short, her ankles very bony, her feet, apparently, very long, and she did not seem to know what to do with them. She stuck them splayed out under the table, knees together; then, glancing round nervously, she hooked them up over the rail of her chair, or crooked them round the legs; put them out at either side, so that the waiter—already out of temper—tripped over them. Whatever in the way of utter clumsiness anyone could do with feet, she did with hers.

It was the same with her hands and arms. Her sleeves were neither quite short enough nor quite long enough; her elbows were sharp, her wrists bony, her hands large and red.

Her neck was long, and she turned her head continually from side to side. She swept the knives and forks from off the table, with the ridiculous frills on her sleeves, and picked them up with a sudden dive, a quick glance round to see if anyone was looking at her; dropped her spoon, upset her empty glass.

From the beginning the waiter had been in a temper

She was as callow and pathetic a figure as could well be imagined. Pretty well all the smart people there were turning round and staring at the solitary girl; the well-dressed, happy groups at the further tables even catching the infection, laughing and indulgent. For she was not only callow, pathetic and awkward, she was quite amazingly pretty. Harold Stevens, who prided himself on seeing more than most people, on his own discoveries, thought: "By Jove, she might be lovely"; and again: "What a hit on the film-screen, queer and awkward and perfectly lovely like that."

When she opened her mouth wider than ever, gave a queer, loud, nervous laugh at something the waiter said to her, Stevens was more than ever convinced that here, indeed, was a find, if only he could transport her, bodily as she was; while, apart from all this was the sense of knight errantry, of the furious championship

(Concluded on page 646)

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and this,
your first trip
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back
in the paddock
once more
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instinctively
light
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it's curious
how
wonderfully calming
a cigarette
can be
after
a thrilling experience.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

The Tearful Lady *(Continued from page 644)*

of beauty in distress, common to the very nicest sort of young man.

For the smart, clean-shaved waiter, far from laughing, stared at her insolently, pointing with one finger to the bill he had presented, and suddenly, to Stevens' horror, the girl's laugh broke off, her face flushed crimson, two large tears ran down her cheeks, and she started to sob.

She had opened her ornate and very shabby handbag, and produced some small change, mostly coppers, but it was not enough. She searched through it frantically, taking out a grubby handkerchief, several bus tickets, what looked to Stevens' expert eyes like a pawn-ticket, a stub of a pencil, a lip-stick, and laid them on the table. In a hole in the lining she discovered two half-pennies and a crumpled stamp, but still it was not enough.

From the beginning the waiter had been in a temper. The helpless looking girl had ordered a cup of tea and a boiled egg with bread-and-butter—there in the Restaurant Universal at eleven at night!—and he had refused to serve them. Then she had switched over to sardines on toast and coffee, searching the menu with desperate eyes, evidently on the look-out for the cheapest items, and he had brought them with a bad enough grace. Now she could not pay for even that much of a meal. "But it says here——" she gulped and pointed.

"You ordered cream," retorted the waiter insolently, staring round him over her head; and she looked up at him as if he were God and angry with her. Yes, indeed, he had said "with cream," and she had answered "Yes"—a country girl accustomed to cream, never imagining for a moment that cream could be an extra.

It was awful—awful. The super-god of a manager had caught a hint of something wrong, and was moving down the long row towards her with the undulating, half-apologetic, half-condescending movement of that sort of well-tailored figure representing liaison-officer-in-chief between an over-fed, over-rich public and the mere details of an expensive meal—retreating with a little bow, an apologetic shrug of his shoulders, movement of his hands as young Mr. Stevens nodded to him, got up from his own chair, and moved over to the girl's table.

"I 'm always doing that sort of thing myself," he remarked pleasantly, "most often coming out without a penny, leaving all my money on my dressing-table. And of course, it must be more difficult with you ladies, continually changing your bags. If you 'll allow me. . . .Now, waiter."

The last two words were a snap—the officer to his subordinate. The waiter came to attention, the bill was paid, an ostentatious tip added. "Now, if you 'll allow me to see you to a taxi. . . . No, no, the pleasure is mine," murmured Stevens.

He passed down the room at the girl's oddly turned heels, and no one so much as smiled. A good many people knew him and to those who did not he was so obviously a gentleman, clean-cut, clean-minded, and sincere. As to the girl, of a sudden they felt themselves mean; wondered why they had laughed; wondered why not one of them had found the courage to do as Stevens had done.

She gave the young man her address, and they got into a taxi together: "I 'll see you home and settle up with the driver, and—oh, well, you can settle up with me anytime, you know, if it clears your conscience," said Stevens, adding, as the girl with a last frantic dab took her dingy rag of a handkerchief away from her streaming eyes, rolled it into a ball in one hand, and looked up at him with terrified eyes: "You mustn't worry; there 's nothing to worry about. You are quite safe with me."

"Don't you want to kiss me?" she asked breathlessly: her face neither flushed or bloated as most women's are with tears, her eyes cleared, miraculously blue, as a rain-washed sky.

When young Stevens answered with a laugh, "Well, not particularly," he was not altogether speaking the truth. All the same, one could not very well kiss a girl whose bill one had just paid.

"Nor—nor anything?" enquired the girl.

"No, not anything," Stevens spoke more gravely, his face flushed. It was really dreadful what innocent young girls were taught to suspect of men.

The address given was some way out in the direction of St. John's Wood. All the same, it was a lovely night, and when the cab drew up before a house in the centre of an elongated curve, Stevens paid off the man, determining to walk back.

The girl had moved a few yards away under the lamp in front of number seventy-six. As Stevens joined her, she was fumbling over everything in her bag as she had done in the restaurant, frantically searching for her latch-key. One item after another fell to the pavement and was picked up by Stevens.

She raised her face to his, it was terror-stricken. "I 've forgotten my latch-key, whatever shall I do? . . . Oh, dear; oh, dear, whatever shall I do?"

"There 's nothing to be frightened of. Surely there 'll be someone still up; I 'll wait to see you in. Ring—knock—break down the door if necessary." Stevens gave a reassuring laugh and moved towards the steps of seventy-six.

"No, no—not that—not that," the girl caught at his sleeve. "Not that—seventy-nine. Did I say seventy-six? Oh, but I couldn't have done. . . . Oh, dear; but I may have done, after all. Really, I am such a silly girl sometimes—that 's me—that 's me all over, always doing stupid things. I don't know why I 'm like that, I 'm sure I don't." She was in tears again. "But I meant seventy-nine—I really meant seventy-nine."

"Well, there 's not much in that; I 'm for ever forgetting numbers," laughed Stevens; and taking the girl's arm to reassure her, he moved towards the door of the third house further down, felt for the bell.

"Oh, no, no! Don't ring—*please* don't ring. Knock a very, very little, in case we disturb them all, make them angry," whispered the girl in her terrified way, and Stevens knocked.

He knocked as he had been bidden, "very, very little"; but the door was opened instantly, though there was no light visible. "Go first, please go first," whispered the girl in her small, panic-stricken voice. "Oh, please, do go first, I 'm so frightened."

And—fool as he was—he went first.

Police Constable Nicholls ran forward from the shade of a plane tree and hurled himself against the door; stiffened himself, throwing all his weight backwards to save himself as it flew open.

One might have expected a hall. There was, however, nothing of the sort; rather a rush of wind, a narrow path, a steep embankment, and a dark arch emitting a smoky, sulphurous smell.

The tail of a light-coloured dress swished in at the back door of a nearby house. Nicholls took no notice of this, however, blowing his whistle furiously and throwing himself upon two men rolling together on the edge of the embankment.

"The house without a back to it. It wasn't safe, you see, not when they started running the railway in under it," the builder explained at the preliminary trial. "My firm took all of it down excepting the front elevation, shored it up careful, so as not to break the line, what you might call preservin' the symmetry of the curve. There were no hinges, nor nothing on the door when they finished with it. Someone must have added all that later, made it to open and shut. Seems to me that . . ." He went on and on, regarding the door, obsessed by it.

The male prisoner who had already seized Stevens' watch, was well on to his note-case when Nicholls tackled him—a man with a thick nose, who shaved blue—said nothing. The female prisoner, however, gave a little arch laugh, as though to say: "Oh, yes, weren't we clever?" raising her eyebrows at the magistrate, near upon winking.

She was a blonde, with smoothly dressed hair, blue eyes, a chic little black hat and black dress, notably neat ankles, silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes.

The waiter from the Restaurant Universal swore upon oath that he had never seen her before.

But he had, so had Stevens; and, after all, she was a well-known lady. "They 'd have had every rag off you; I know that lot; left you stark as the day you were born in one of them there tenement houses if our man had not spotted what was going on," explained the Inspector. "Stands high for promotion, does Nicholls," he added, and a fiver from Stevens went into the police constable's pocket—by special permission. Not that the young man would not have given him almost as much again to hold his tongue. Above all at that moment when the prosecuting magistrate turned to him with a contemptuous bark of a laugh, remarked in a scathing voice: "And you mean to tell me, Mr. Stevens, that you—you, a man of some experience—a newspaper man—took this—a-a-ah, female prisoner for an innocent young girl? Really, Mr. Stevens!"

THE END

Polo: the Viceroy's Staff Tournament at Simla

The Snowdons, who beat the Tadpoles in the final by 6½ goals to 4, were Captain Jim Cassels, Captain Loring, General Sir Robert Cassels and Captain Knox. Sir Robert Cassels, who captained the team, has been C.-in-C. of the Army in India since 1935

Polo: the Verdun Cup at Ranelagh

The British team beat the Allies in the annual match for the Verdun Cup by 8 goals to 4. Captain H. W. Lloyd (with the Cup), captained the British side, which included E. A. Calvert, R. Heathcoat-Amory and the Hon. J. Hamilton Russell

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

I HAVE not my Dickens by me, and I cannot recall the exact words in which Sam Weller informed the judge that if he had double magnifying optics of a million extra gas-power he might be able to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door. That is near enough, at any rate, and if I had equally formidable optics I might be able to look into the future and tell you the names of the players who will still be performing when you read this in Wimbledon's second week.

I take it that von Cramm will still be in the lists, and if he were to win the singles his victory would be very popular. It is reasonably certain that Donald Budge will be on view, for when he beat Austin at Queen's Club the week before there was evidence of an increase in controlled power and tactical acumen.

IT is fair to suggest, I think, that foreign competitors at Wimbledon are enabled to prepare more comprehensively for the championships than our own men. They are given opportunities in their own countries for sharpening up their game against carefully selected opposition, whereas our players take the court without deliberate preparation behind them.

Austin, for example, has everything from a technical point of view to make him a probable champion, but his game is not brought to a keen edge by months of well-conceived training. If Austin were an American, he would be ready now to step into Perry's shoes, whereas his chances of ultimate victory are not particularly strong.

You may say that it is absurd to make a business of the game, but the time for a sentimental approach to lawn tennis is past. The lawn tennis authorities and

Yachting: the Crown Prince of Norway

Crown Prince Olaf of Norway in his yacht Norma won the 6-metre-class race on the first day of the International Coronation Regatta at Torquay

Cricket: Leonard Hutton

The young Yorkshire cricketer who has just got his England cap made 271 not out against Derbyshire

Motor Racing: the Grand Prix at Le Mans

The 3-litre Bugatti, driven by R. Benoist and J. P. Wimille, which won the Le Mans Grand Prix, with a record distance of 2036·34 miles at an average of 85·13 m.p.h., was followed round this bend by the Delahaye, driven by Schell and Carrière

Summer Sport

(Continued from page 647)

players will have to get down to brass tacks if we are to maintain our high place in the tennis world. Our Filbys and Hares must not be allowed to develop haphazard. They need direction and shaping, and the authorities must see that every opportunity for steady advancement is put in their way.

NEXT, boxing, and the odd statement, made with such a fanfare of publicity, that we shall see a fight in England this summer for the world's heavyweight championship between Tommy Farr and the winner of the Louis-Braddock affair. This, you may take it, is bally-hoo. Mike Jacobs, the Chicago promoter, is responsible for it, but nothing has been fixed and it is most unlikely that anything will be fixed. Mr. Jacobs has merely been talking, that 's all.

Why, to begin with, should Louis or Braddock come chasing over here, when there is far more money to be made for far less risk in America ? It is possible that Farr will meet Max Schmeling, either here or in Berlin, and that would be a reasonable match.

Many people would regard it, moreover, as virtually a world-title fight, particularly as Louis has beaten Braddock, for Schmeling smashed Louis to a pulp. It is refreshing, anyway, to find a British heavyweight seriously regarded as a contender for the Championship, and Tommy Farr has made a very strong position for himself. If he does fight Schmeling, and beats him, we shall know that we have a real champion at last.

NOW to cricket, and when this appears the first Test Match will be just over. A little comment on the England team is still permissible, however, for every match played this summer is in effect part of the campaign against Australia.

We all sympathise, I have no doubt, with the cricket selectors in their difficulties. If they pick too experimental a team, they are in danger of being accused of disrespect to New Zealand. If they pick too representative a team, they may be in trouble for failing to give youth a chance. My own opinion, at any rate, is that the England side for the first match was, perhaps, a little too conservative, but the argument is very open.

How about Parks of Sussex, for example ? Parks has been in great form this summer, and for all I know he may have scored a couple of hundreds against New Zealand when you turn these pages. Even so, he is thirty-four years of age, and we may argue that to bring him in on the grounds of present performance is merely wasting an opportunity of blooding a youngster like Compton. And if performance is to be the guide, as it is with Parks, why is Hardstaff included ? He does not appear in the averages yet, whereas there is young Edrich, high up in the table, with several very fine innings to his credit, a natural No. 3 who would benefit immensely by Test Match experience.

I suppose it is possible to argue like this about every team that is ever picked, and I only refer to these points as subjects for friendly debate. The selectors have quite enough on their hands without having to suffer the pin-pricks of public criticism. And I am not criticising—merely wondering—for, somehow, occasions must be found for trying out these youngsters, and time is short.

I NEVER know what the fundamental guiding principle of selection is. Current form, irrespective of age ? Past performances on big occasions, which is Hardstaff's justification, I take it ? Promise for the future ? A difficult business. It seems to me, though, that some players are obviously good enough, and only need encouragement. Edrich is one of them. He may be young and inexperienced and not quite up to standard yet, and so the selectors are biding their time, and no one will blame them for that. On the other hand, granted that Edrich has the stuff in him, every big match he plays will build him up. I should pick him, and have done with it, and tell him that he is in the side for keeps for this summer at any rate, and let him develop his natural technique without anxiety, and accustom himself to the strain and stress of the representative game.

But there you are. The selectors' lot is not a happy one, and we watch their labours with the utmost sympathy. In the meanwhile I hope the New Zealanders have found their feet, for we need the toughest opposition we can get to tune us up for the Australian invasion.

Fru Sperling

The Danish player won her most important victory in the early rounds, when she beat Fraulein Horn. She earns her "heartbreak" sobriquet by her devastating steadiness

Anita Lizana

The Chilean is the gayest of them all, whether she 's winning or losing, and deserves her popularity

Alice Marble and Mary Hardwick

They played one of the best second-round matches. Alice Marble had another of her narrow squeaks, but brought her flashing volley out to win (from 1—3 to 6—3) in the third set. She and Donald Budge as a doubles pair make good watching

Donald Budge and

Budge looks a good bet Hughes away one day and then had L. Hecht to week. Kay Stammers with the badminton

Wimbledon

Winners and Losers of the First Week

Above is Henner Henkel, Germany's Number Two, in play against R. K. Tinkler in their fine five-set match. The German, keeping his attacking strength to the end, beat the British player 2—6, 7—5, 3—6, 6—0, 6—3

Below: Gottfried von Cramm, Germany's Number One, is talking to Count and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow. He beat Lysaght, Tuckey and Yamagishi in his first three matches

Miss Susan Noel, determined though she was, was only worth two games in her match with the hard-hitting Mlle. Jedrzejowska. They are partners in the women's doubles—a formidable pair

Kay Stammers

for a finalist; he swept Boussus the next, and play to end his first and a second-round battle player, Mrs. Uber

The Three Youngest Players

Muriel Bray, seventeen, is Junior Covered Court Champion; Audrey Cardinall, eighteen, holds the Middlesex Junior title; Gem Hoahing, sixteen, is British Junior Champion. Miss Cardinall and Miss Hoahing were both beaten in the first round of the Ladies' Singles. Miss Bray and Miss Cardinall were doubles partners

Helen Jacobs and Mary Heeley

The Ladies' Singles Champion beat the English girl 6—3, 6—1, in the third round, but not without some good offensive play from Miss Heeley in the first set. Miss Jacobs and Fru Sperling are partnered in the doubles

"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (14th Year)

At Gleneagles Hotel King's Course

By Eleanor E. Helme

Chapter II.

DEAR BYSTANDER—

So much to chat about this week that I can only hope my noble colleague, Mr. John Morrison, is dealing with the women's part in the Coronation Match, Ladies v. Men, and Ladies v. Jockeys, so that we can give ourselves up on this page to the finish of BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes over Gleneagles Hotel King's Course. Even then, we must miss out Miss Enid Pears' excellent win of the Midlands Championship, though as a runner-up in the Girls' Championship, what she does is of special interest. And this year with another girl, Miss Peggy Bullard, in the final with her, more than ever ought to be said. However, there it is.

WHEN I wrote you last, I was fully persuaded, in company with a good many others, that nothing and nobody could stop Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Wanda Morgan winning those Scottish Foursomes. Prophecy was wrong, for they went out the very next morning, for three good reasons. One, that Miss Forrest and Miss Howie played far too well to be given even two strokes; two, that the plus pair made too many slips; three, that they were both of them, particularly Miss Anderson, much too tired to expect anything else, having put in a third round of the day on the evening before. It is all very well to be determined that nobody shall accuse you of swollen head, unfriendliness, or anything else because you refuse to play in a club mixed foursomes, partners drawn for, in the evening. To have already played two rounds over so big a course as Gleneagles—King's—would surely have been sufficient excuse; but this sporting couple refused to make it, and were beaten in consequence. The only thing to be thankful for is that Miss Anderson did not completely knock herself up, which she does not appear to have done, judging by her two 74's round that same King's Course two days later in the medal rounds which are a preliminary to the Scottish Championship.

To return to that defeat. Miss Forrest is a very big hitter, Miss Howie the essence of steadiness; they went away with a dash, and though Miss Anderson and Miss Morgan kept pegging away, and did twice have the match square, there were putts missed after Miss Morgan had chipped near the hole, and spots explored which had been right off the map in all their previous rounds. The others were too good a pair, their teamwork too sound for such liberties to be taken: Miss Forrest's side got home on the last green, as it richly deserved.

THE very next match supplied a second crash, the other plus-one pair, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Percy, going out by 3 and 2. They did not play up to their previous best, as they most certainly needed to with eleven strokes to give, and Mrs. Stewart-Stevens and Miss Wilson took the goods the gods gave. Till that morning, Mrs. Fleming (who used to play for Hertfordshire) and Miss Herbert had been going well, lumbago notwithstanding; but out they went then to Mrs. Rhodes and Miss L. B. Clark, the eventual winners, who gave them two strokes and won by 3 and 1. Miss Marna Mellis and Mrs. Watt Duffus, whose two previous rounds had been smashing wins, met their Waterloo trying to give five strokes to Mrs. Farquharson and Mrs. Fenton, a pair who showed very conclusively how well those on the limit of 30 joint handicap can do if they refuse to be frightened or flustered.

Miss Pamela Gray (Mrs. Holm's young sister) and Miss Ross were another limit pair who seemed too good for it, but that morning was fatal for them too: Miss Scott and Miss Hazel McGlashan gave them five strokes and won 4 and 3; the same margin as Mrs. van Marle and Mrs. Simpson achieved from Mrs. Fraser Wishart and Mrs. Cuthbertson, the conquerors of Mrs. Holm and Mrs. Greenlees. And the same as Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson-Durham's from one of the many Northumberland pairs, Mrs. Allsop and Mrs. Farquhar Murray, although the Scots had to give six strokes. How many long run-ups the Scots laid dead I should not like to say; Miss Durham set the fashion,

(Continued on page 654)

The Winners

Lord Weir presented the "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes prizes, and here he is with the winners, Mrs. E. M. Rhodes (Harrogate), the Yorkshire and Northern champion, and Miss Clark (Silverdale). They beat the holders, Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson-Durham, by 5 and 4 in the final

The Last Four Couples

Miss E. M. Scott (semi-finalist with Miss McGlashan); Miss Helen Nimmo and Miss M. Robertson-Durham, runners-up; Miss Clark and Mrs. Rhodes, winners; Miss M. Howie and Miss Nell Forrest, semi-finalists; Miss H. M. McGlashan, Miss Scott's partner

An English Player

Mrs. Herbert Guadella (Walton Heath) played with Miss Regnart; they were beaten in the fifth round by the runners-up

This England . . .

Yorkshire Moors

TWO pictures does one carry for life of the great West Riding moors. The one, a folding of rich colour upon itself, from high, ling-empurpled shoulders to the red gold of dale-side trees slipping to green where hidden water in the cloughs stays Autumn's hand. The other, a majestic desolation, tearing wind and lowered cloud, the distant heights now etched against the slanting grey, now gone, as slivers of steely rain sting cheek and hand. Strong limbs and great appetite are bred here, and great ale must go down if humour and courage are to be kept up. No "small beer" will suffice, but Worthington alone, rich, great-hearted and slow-matured — in the very nature of the North.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Coronation Match

As everyone thought it would, the Coronation Match at Moor Park, in which partnerships of a lady and a professional played foursomes on level terms against partnerships consisting of two male amateurs, provided many most interesting encounters.

I am afraid that the King George V. National Memorial Fund did not benefit as much as it should have done from the proceeds of the money charged for admission. I am quite sure that the attendance would have been very considerably larger if Ascot Week had been avoided, and also if the match had taken place on a heather course.

In order that all the matches should go the full distance it was arranged that the team match should be decided by holes up, and not by matches won and lost; thus those spectators who took up sound strategical positions near the fifteenth and seventeenth greens, which adjoin each other, were assured of seeing the last holes played, and could see a great deal of play without walking or changing their positions.

Nearly every golf match at the present time is decided by matches won and lost, and not by holes up. An exception is the inter-regimental knock-out competition, which is played during the championship meeting of the Army Golfing Society.

I think that the method of deciding team matches at golf by holes up is decidedly good, and it is the only method by which a team can get full value out of an outstanding player. At almost all other games an outstanding player can dominate the play to a very considerable extent.

We often read that Smith has won a cricket match off his own bat; this, of course, is seldom true, as someone has to bat at the other end, and someone has to bowl the other side out, and the man who wins a cricket match off his own bat is often not a bowler. Time and again one individual has been very largely responsible for the victory of his side at Association or Rugby football.

On the other hand, bad play by one player can lose a match for his side. A sitter missed at cricket, or a tackle missed at football has been responsible for defeats too numerous to mention.

In golf team matches decided by matches won and lost, your champion has little responsibility, and can only win one point, while your rabbit also has little responsibility, as he can lose only one point. This seems all wrong to me: the champion should, surely, benefit his side to a much greater extent, and the duffer should do his side more harm, than they do at present. Your best batsman does not retire when he has made a hundred, but goes on and makes as many more runs as he can, and your rabbit, having missed a sitter or made a duck, is by no means assured against missing or making another.

The Varsity golf match used for many years to be decided by holes up; this method was discarded after the winners had for two consecutive years lost more matches than they had won. Scoring by holes up puts a very much bigger responsibility on the players, who all must go full out all the time, and cannot ease up when they think that they have got their own individual matches safe, and is thus considered by some to be too cruel a method.

The results of the twenty matches played in the Coronation match showed a win for the male team by seventeen holes. At lunch the male team was four holes up, having won four matches and lost six; in the afternoon it gained thirteen holes, having won six matches, lost two, and halved two. If the match had been decided by matches won and lost, the ladies and their partners would have lost by only two matches, and the score would have been eight matches to ten, with two halved.

In spite of the good performances of several of the ladies, I do not think that a lady and a professional have very much chance of success against two male amateurs on level terms; I was surprised that the mixed partnerships won as many matches as they did. If this type of match is played again, there must be some handicap. It was suggested that the ladies should play from the ladies' tees, but I do not think that the procuring of wild horses to drag them there would have made very much difference. There may be other methods of getting the first-class lady golfers to ladies' tees, but I do not know of any myself. It is like showing a red flag to a bull to suggest that first-class lady golfers should play from the ladies' tees; they consider that these tees have been constructed for elderly gentlemen, and also that they are of no use whatsoever to hard-hitting girls. They do not consider the fact that they get their handicaps from these tees worthy of notice.

Miss Kathleen Garnham and Henry Cotton played very well to beat Frank Pennink and Leonard Crawley in the morning, and not well to beat Bob Sweeny and Lionel Munn after lunch; both matches finished on the last green, where the victors won by one hole on each occasion. If they could have had any one of the four Whitcombes to do the putting for them, they would have amassed a very much more acceptable contribution to their side. If Miss Garnham was a sounder putter, I feel sure that before now she would have won the Ladies' Championship; the rest of her game is, and has been for several years, most impressive.

Miss Molly Gourlay and W. J. Cox won both their matches, and three holes for their side; Miss Fishwick and Arthur Lacey were also undefeated; they won by three holes in the morning, and halved their match in the afternoon.

There was little to choose between the driving, short game, and putting of the professionals and leading male amateurs; but when it came to shots with iron clubs, whether they were from 120 or 250 yards, the professionals were in an entirely different class. It was near the hole that the men showed their superiority over the ladies. The ladies hit their tee-shots quite far enough for their partners to get home at every hole, and their long shots to the greens were as good as their opponents; but on or near the green they were rather outclassed.

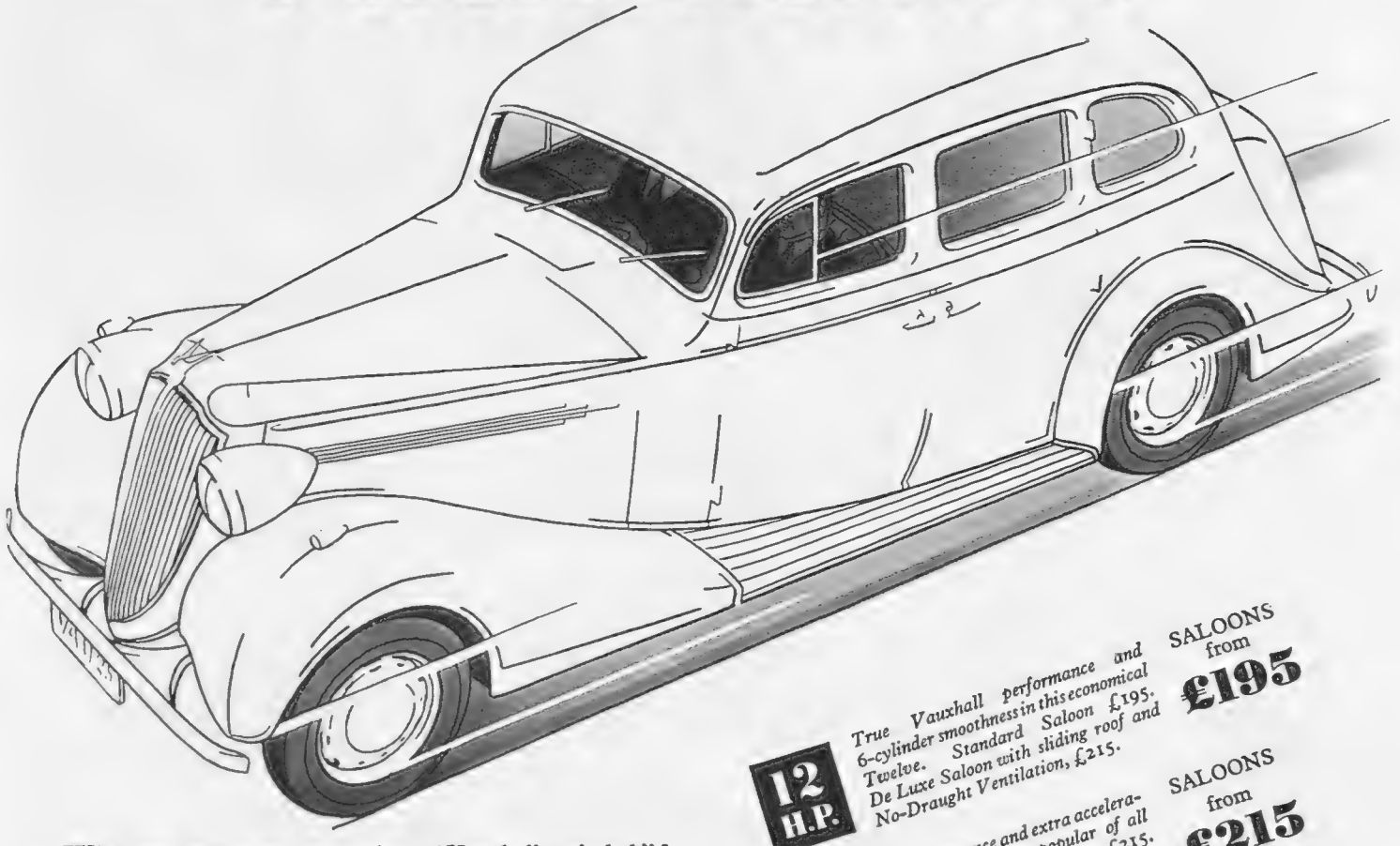
James Bruen

The seventeen-year-old British boy champion won the Irish Amateur by beating John Burke by 3 and 2

The Coronation Match

Miss Pam Barton played with A. H. Padgham (left) against R. Sweeny, jr., and L. O. Munn, the amateur champion and runner-up, in the morning rounds of the Coronation Match, and were beaten by five holes. The Amateurs beat the Ladies and Professionals by thirty holes to thirteen

Why all these Vauxhalls?



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TRY OTHERS—LET A RIDE DECIDE

VAUXHALL

12 *h.p.* **14** *h.p.* **25** *h.p.*

The Starter of the Gleneagles Hotel courses, Ranger A. Dunn, was talking to Mrs. A. B. McDonald (Dunfermline), Mrs. S. A. Walker (Inverness), Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery (Elie and Earlsferry) and Mrs. Ian Grant (Erskine)

Ringing the 1875 Stella Bell on the third green for the "all-clear"—Mrs. Murray Prain (St. Rule), Mrs. Fenton and Mrs. Farquharson (Carnoustie) and Mrs. M. McGaw (St. Rule). The Fenton-Farquharson pair went out in the fifth round

"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes *(Continued from page 650)*

both in club and method, a year or two back, and that morning Miss Nimmo followed suit just as effectively. The last morning match went one hole shorter, Mrs. Walter Neilson and her daughter finding too much trouble for five strokes to avail them against Mrs. Guadella and Miss Regnart.

IF I have forgotten to tell you what a glorious summer's day this was, it is because the golf and the fighting was too good for anything else to be noticed. In the afternoon, the first match was a desperate affair, for Miss Forrest and Miss Howie, nine strokes to give, and Miss Wilson so powerful and so good a pitcher, Mrs. Stewart-Stevens with a lovely long run up with a putter, such as only St. Andrews teaches, that the match turned square and went all the way to the last green before Miss Forrest's side won. Meanwhile Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Clark were giving nine strokes to Mrs. Farquharson and Mrs. Fenton, and winning 3 and 2, after the alarming experience of being three down at the eighth, just as Miss Scott and Miss McGlashan were at one time to Mrs. van Marle and her sister. These, indeed, went to the nineteenth, but there Miss Scott's side had a grand 4, just as they had when they started out, and that finished it. Miss Robertson-Durham and Miss Nimmo, playing level, were too consistent for Mrs. Guadella and Miss Regnart to the tune of 4 and 3, and everybody began to question whether the holders, having got over that formidable fence, would now manage to hold on to the cups.

IN the semi-final next morning, they had six strokes to give to Miss Scott and Miss McGlashan. The latter's golf has come on enormously since she played in the Girls' Championship for the first time last September; the only pity is that she is too old at nineteen to have another try, particularly as she says what a lot it taught her. Gordon Lockhart's verdict after nine holes was that she had not played a single bad shot. With a large, leisurely swing, rather reminiscent of that great Welsh player, Miss Cox, there seems every possibility of more power, when she feels inclined to use it, coupled with a grand temperament for the holing of long putts at crucial moments.

Miss Scott is a player of sound county experience, with more ultimate length than her carry suggests, but for neither her nor her partner would the putts quite drop, and at the eighth they were three down. After that, it was a case of fireworks, a 2 for Miss Nimmo's side at the eleventh, a putt of five-and-twenty yards at the next for Miss Durham (yes, the King's Course greens *do* give you putts that length!); but though it was a birdie three, it was only a half, as there was a stroke to give; at the thirteenth, Miss McGlashan, holing a huge curly one downhill for another birdie; and the match only finishing by another 2 for the holders at the sixteenth.

ALL that was more sparkling than the golf in the other semi-final, in which Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Clark, on level terms, beat Miss Forrest and Miss Howie

(*Concluded on page viii*)

Above: Mrs. W. Christie (Aberdeen), Mrs. A. A. Davidson (Deeside), Mrs. John Wood (Troon) and Mrs. Stephen Sellars (Balmore) shake hands

Left: Miss Holdsworth, Mr. C. D. Rhodes, Mrs. J. M. Lang and Miss Docharty looking on

Right: Miss A. H. Wilson and Mrs. J. Stewart-Stevens (St. Rule), Mrs. Campbell Ker (West Kilbride) and Miss Mary Pearcy (Kilmalcolm)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

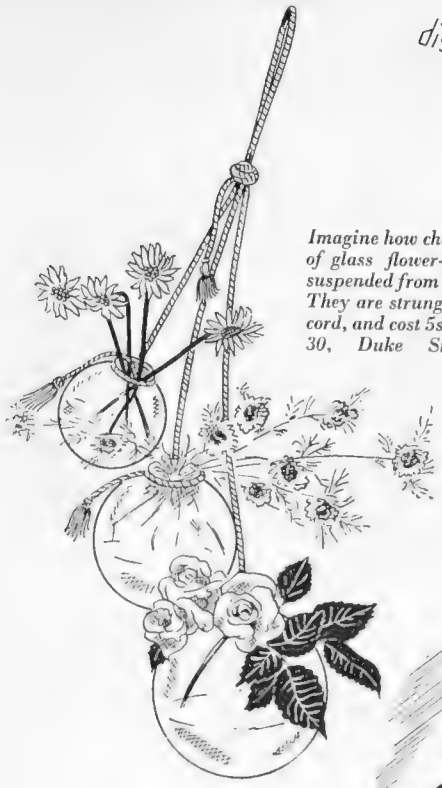
Few women are born with such flawless beauty that they can afford to go through life as Nature made them, yet one of the most difficult things about make-up is to know where and how to apply it. An excellent way of learning, however, is by visiting the new Tourneur salon at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. There, every woman can relax in comfort while experts study the texture of her skin, her colouring, and the shape of her face. The real success of Tourneur make-up lies in the exquisite blending of several shades of powder so that it is absolutely in harmony with the natural skin tones. In the same way rouge is chosen to suit the general colouring and placed high up on the cheeks to accentuate the depth and colour of the eyes, while blended eye shadow further enhances their beauty. Thorough cleansing and a completely new make-up is given free of charge, while the formulas of everything used are recorded on an index card for future reference. A youthful make-up with accent on the eyes is pictured above, while the charming skull-cap in black velvet with a floating veil also comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

Scott Bushe

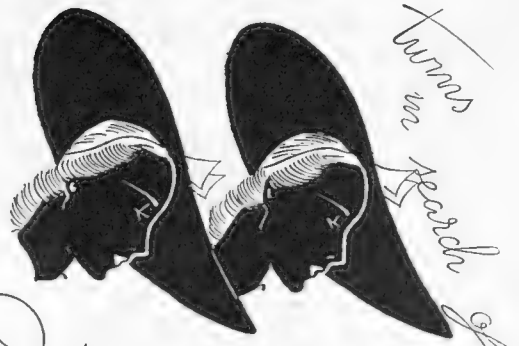
Though Ascot is over, there are still a number of public social events when "grande toilette" will be worn. A case in point is the Eton and Harrow next month, which has often been compared to a large garden-party. It is certainly a gathering of the young, and picture frocks will be in the majority provided the sun shines. White always looks charming, particularly with touches of a contrasting colour. Sprays of mimosa are scattered here and there over the white organza dress pictured above from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is cut on very simple lines with a full, flowing skirt, puff sleeves, and a square neck. The small petersham hat with two outsize water lilies is a change, though a wide brim would look equally smart. Since gay colours are so prevalent this year, the seated figure is wearing a printed chiffon dress sprayed with vivid tropical flowers. It only costs seven and a half guineas and is veiled in black lace cut like a redingote, with a circular skirt appliquéd round the hem with floral motifs. Short, fitting jackets which flare at the waist and diminutive boleros accompany many garden-party frocks, while lace insertions are often used for trimming

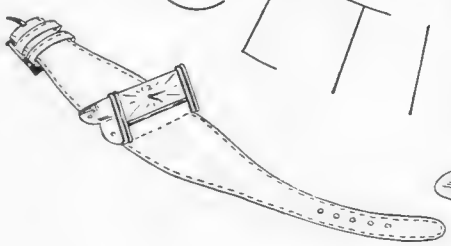
the bystander turns in search of novelties

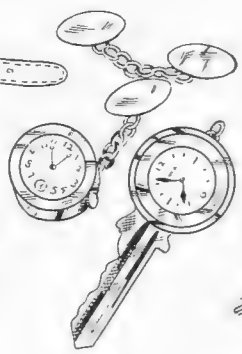
discovered by pela pictured by pam



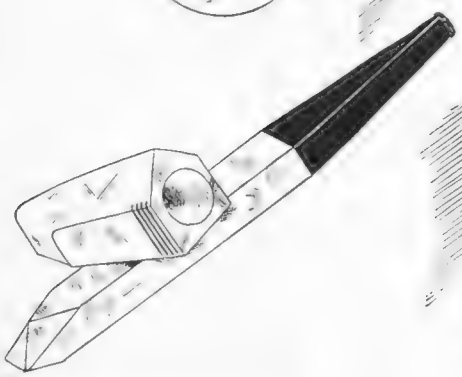
Imagine how charming this group of glass flower-bowls would look suspended from a nail in the wall. They are strung together by a silk cord, and cost 5s. 6d. at Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street, Piccadilly



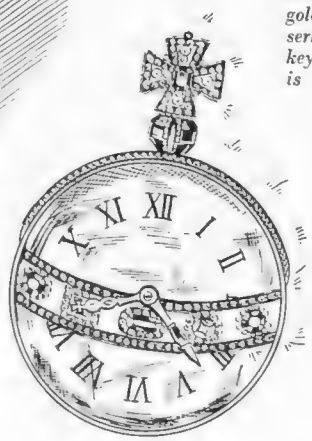




Here are three ways of wearing a watch from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. Either set at an angle on a pigskin wrist-strap, or dangling from a pair of gold cuff-links, or again inserted in the head of a latch-key. In each case the watch is a perfect time-keeper



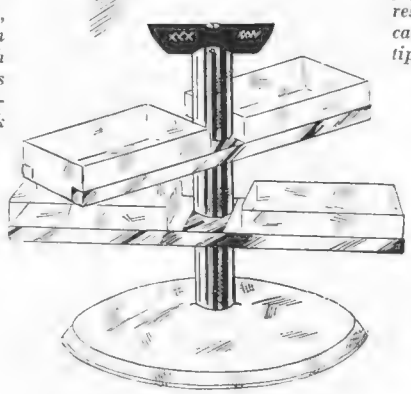
Every man who is a keen smoker will appreciate this streamline pipe from Dunhill's. It is specially designed for use in a gale, as the bowl revolves on a swivel, and is therefore protected from the full blast of the wind



Memories of a brilliant Coronation are recalled by this handsome clock from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street. It is designed in the shape of the King's Orb which was used at the ceremony, and is made in sterling silver gilt, supported by a strut at the back

An amusing idea for men who do not care to be seen smoking a pipe in the street has been evolved by Dunhill's. It is a root briar pipe for 15s. which closely resembles a cigar. It has a vulcanite mouthpiece and asbestos tip to represent the ash

When in doubt as to what to give your Scottish friends, just send them this morocco Glengarry tobacco pouch from Dunhill's. It is lined throughout with rubber, and costs 12s. 6d. edged with the recipient's own tartan



Yet another variation of the revolving hors-d'œuvre dish is pictured above from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. It consists of a chromium stand with two "spinning" trays, each containing two glass dishes. The price is 25s. in the gift department, or 35s. for a larger size

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

Sir Malcolm Campbell talking to Fred Cooper, the designer, while his new boat, Blue Bird, was being prepared for its speed runs

WHEREAS the title of this article is "Motoring Commentary," I am going to claim your indulgence this week to discourse on something other than motor-cars, because I believe that the job on which I am at present engaged is sufficiently of interest to motorists to warrant such a diversion. Anyhow, my excuse is that it concerns Britain's Public Motorist No. 1 — Sir Malcolm Campbell.

At the invitation of Sir Malcolm, I have accompanied him to Loch Lomond to assume responsibility for the detail organisation in connection with his speed-boat runs, during which he is hopeful of securing data which will enable him to win back for this country from Gar Wood the world's maximum water-speed record.

DURING the past sixteen years this record has been broken twelve times: once by the late Sir Henry Segrave, three times by Kaye Don, and no fewer than eight times by the American, Gar Wood. The last occasion on which it was broken was September 20th, 1932, when Gar Wood's 6400 h.p. boat, Miss America X., achieved the remarkable speed of 124·915 m.p.h. on St. Clair River, Algonac, Michigan, U.S.A. This boat was powered with four 1600 c.c. Packard engines, driving twin propellers, and, like all such speed-boats, was, of course, a two-seater — Wood's heroic "riding-mechanic" being one by the name of Orlin Johnson.

The weight of Gar Wood's boat was somewhere in the region of four tons, but with so much power at his command this massive bulk was not a vital factor. Certainly, the boat's weight assisted stability — hence her suitability for the Harmsworth Trophy contests in which, also, she has been so successful.

NOW Sir Malcolm Campbell's boat, Blue Bird, is a totally different proposition. Designed by Fred Cooper and built by Saunders Roe, this boat is planned to provide the triumph of science over brute force.

She is a single-seater craft with a single screw. The weight, complete with super-charged Rolls-Royce engine, is only 45 cwt., while the power-unit which turns the scale at some 1700 lbs., is of no more than 2000 c.c. capacity.

The Blue Bird is only 23 ft. long, with a beam of 9 ft. 6 in., and is but 21 ft. 6 in. in the water-line. The lightness combined with the diminutive length of this craft calls for a delicacy of handling which only a man like Sir Malcolm Campbell would be capable of providing, and indeed it would be nothing short of suicidal to extend her on anything but dead calm water. Slowing down from high speed with such a craft is a very real problem, and I need only tell you that at maximum speed the propeller is doing 9000 revolutions per minute for you to appreciate this point.

When Dick Merrill flew the Atlantic the 'planes of his craft were filled with ping-pong balls. Remembering this, Sir Malcolm Campbell decided to stow away

(Concluded on page vi)

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Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page iv)*

as many ping-pong balls as possible in the hull of the Blue Bird. Incredible as it may seem, no fewer than 34,560 ping-pong balls in pillow-cases have been accommodated in the forward bulkhead of the boat, and these give a ton of buoyancy!

WHEN we arrived at Loch Lomond we had plans for marking the course with buoys; but these plans soon had to be abandoned, for, apart from the comparative impossibility of seeing such marks at the speed at which Sir Malcolm hopes to travel, the immense depth of the Loch on the course itself makes it fairly certain that such buoys could not be prevented from dragging their anchors.

Consequently, a giant white sheet is being pegged out on a promontory at one end of the course, while it has not yet been definitely decided how best to create a "sighting-point" at the other end, near Balloch, where no such convenient background presents itself.

A number of schemes are under discussion, ranging from an outsize in bonfires with a kind of Brock's Benefit thrown in to a mirror and heliograph arrangement. The latter idea is not so wild as it sounds, the only difficulty being that if the boat should get off her course to any appreciable degree, the "sighting-point" would be "lost" altogether, and at the Balloch end of the loch there are a myriad of small islands and a maze of shallows, presenting a considerable hazard.

CHRISTENED by Lady Campbell, then lowered by a specially chartered crane from the pier-end into the loch, the Blue Bird is now in the boat-house of Sir Ian Colquhoun at Luss, where mechanics are going over her prior to her first trial spin. Although the hull was built so long ago as last August, not a teacupful of water was in her at the end of her three-hours' tow to the boat-house after the christening—to the huge delight of Fred Cooper.

What, I wonder, is in store for her and for Sir Malcolm? Will science conquer brute force? To rank as an internationally-recognisable record, she must ultimately beat Miss America's speed by 1·0075 m.p.h.—such is the result of working in miles per hour, whereas kilometres per hour constitute the international basis of calculation! Nevertheless, it is computed that if she can clip one-fifth of a second off Gar Wood's time she can push up the record to 125·874 m.p.h.

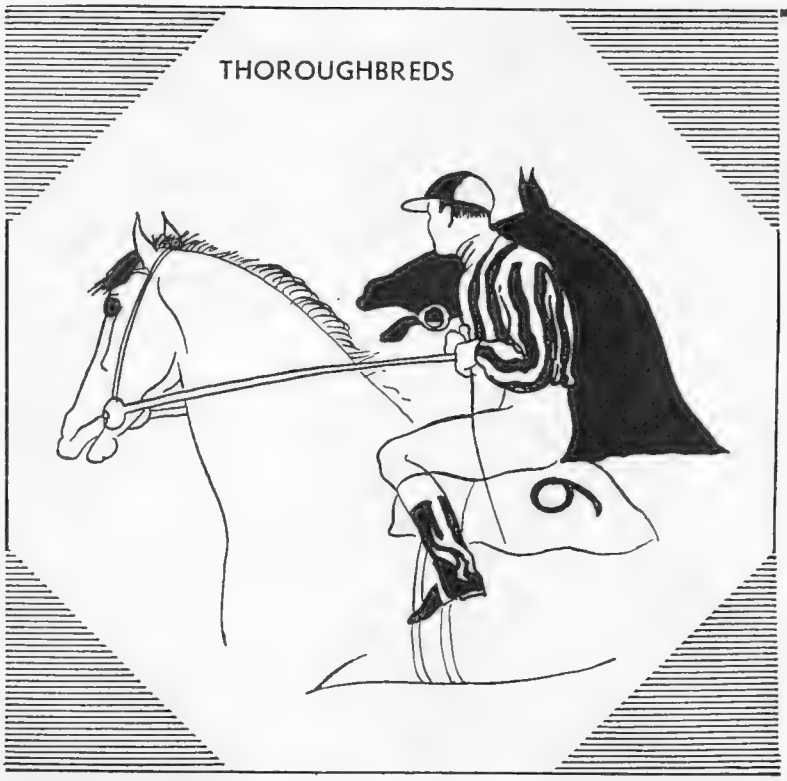
WELL, here's luck to her skipper and her designer—and no less to the band of indefatigable mechanics whose sincere joy it is to work day and night for their boat's perfection and their skipper's safety.

Blue Bird being lowered into Loch Lomond at Balloch when it was christened by Lady Malcolm

"Duggie" Goes One Better

Once again Douglas Stuart, the well-known Turf accountant, who regularly appears in the advertising pages of the BYSTANDER, is offering his clients two new concessions.

"Duggie" now allows his clients, in addition to full "Tote" prices, plus 5 per cent. for single event wins, a bonus of 25 per cent. over "Tote" odds for places. This is extended further by Douglas Stuart reimbursing his clients with the cost of all telegrams sent him.



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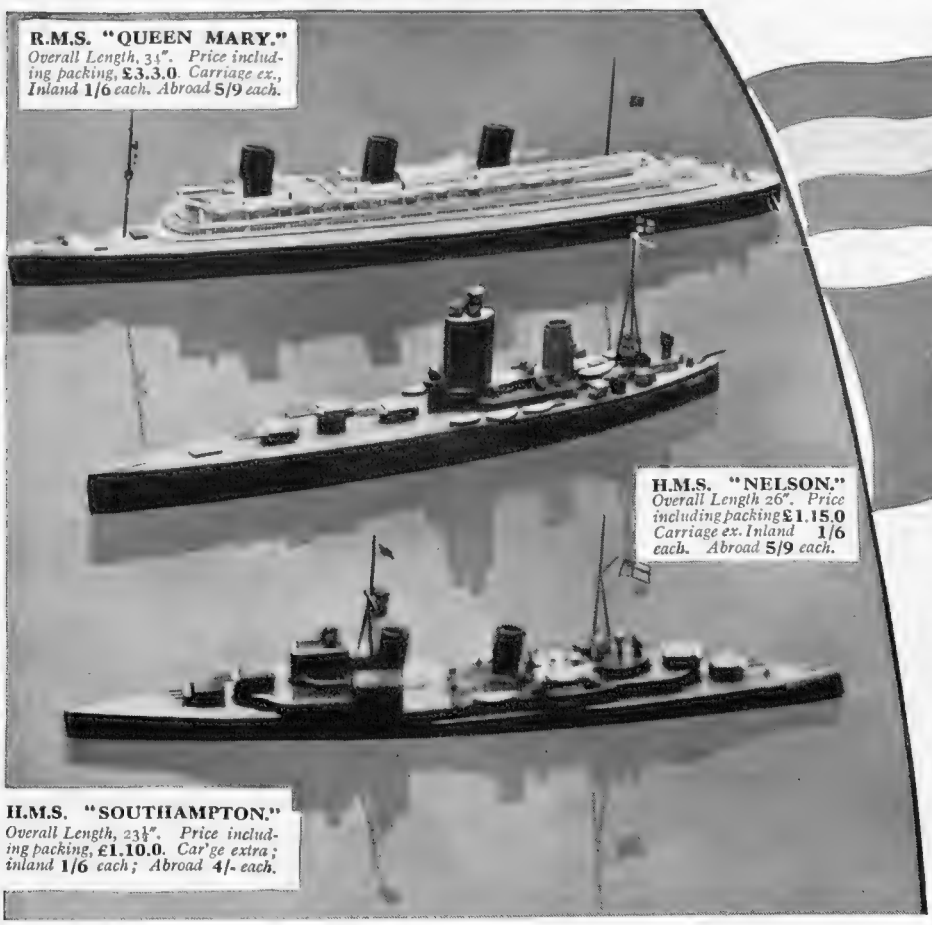

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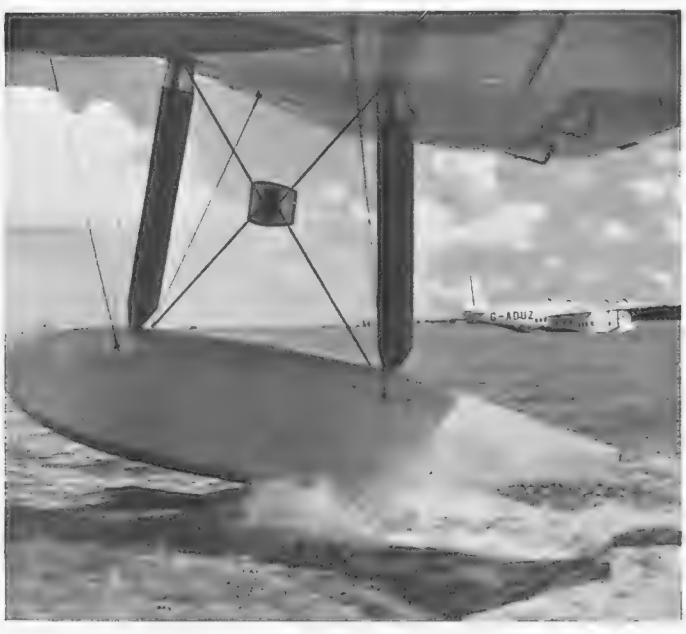
The Air Way to Canada

By Charles Ward

THE main details of an agreement between the respective Governments having been settled, the first flight to Canada by Imperial Airways is about to take place. Ever since Alcock and Brown first crossed the northern ocean, we have known that a regular service was possible, but it has taken eighteen years for aircraft to be perfected to a point where the risk is very small. The weather factor is the most important in any air service to-day. At Botwood, in Newfoundland, where a base for flying-boats and land-planes has been created from scratch, and at the Shannon station in Ireland, there is a complete wireless and meteorological service for the use of pilots. The crossing will be made by "Caledonia," the stages being 2000 miles to Newfoundland, a further 900 to Montreal, and finally 350 to New York. At the same time, a flying-boat from the United States will make the journey in the opposite direction, continuing to Southampton, where Imperial Airways have put down all facilities for the Empire services whilst the Portsmouth site is being prepared. The long stage across the ocean is expected to occupy 16 hours, allowing for the head wind which usually delays the trip to America. Alcock and Brown took 16 hours for the flight the other way, but they had a strong push wind. Both were knighted for the achievement and their 'plane, a Vickers "Vimy," occupies a place of honour in the Science Museum. The "Vimy" had 700 horse-power and could cruise at 80 miles an hour, whilst the Empire boats have more than 3000 horse-power and get along quite nicely at 165, rising to 200 miles an hour if they are really in a hurry. Whitten Brown used a sextant, and at one time they had to climb to 11,000 feet, quite a height for a heavy bomber of those days, to get clear sky for his observations. Their landfall, only 30 miles off the course, was an amazing piece of navigation, only comparable with that of Hinkler crossing the South Atlantic many years later and finishing within a few miles of his objective and the journey of Chichester to the Pacific Islands. In the days of Columbus, who took 90 days to reach America, navigation was a much simpler matter owing to the slow speed of ships and, therefore, the possibility of correcting an error before it had taken the ship too far off its course. At the Display on Saturday last, spectators were treated to examples of aircraft performance of 20 years ago. The Horace Farman flew at a maximum of 50 m.p.h. and the S.E.5 tore along at 100 all out. To-day, three hundred is the average speed for defence purposes, and even the trainers are being stepped up to conform with this standard.



A snapshot from one of the passenger's cabins on board an Imperial Airways' liner, taken whilst the flying-boat was manœuvring into position for the journey to Egypt and the Far East

Four More Gleneagles Competitors

Miss N. A. Scroggie (St. Rule) and Miss M. G. Scroggie (North Berwick) played Mrs. Jack Cummings and Mrs. Thomas (Dunblane) round the Gleneagles Hotel course early on in the Foursomes

"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes

(Continued from page 654)

2 up. At first there seemed every promise of a real dog-fight, the first hole halved in faultless fours, the English pair winning the second in four, the Scottish the third in the same good figure. Then things that should not have happened began to happen: three putts, a shanked iron, a topped drive, from the Scots; from the English, a bad iron, putts short. The upshot was that the English pair were four up at the tenth, won the twelfth by dint of a magnificent second from Mrs. Rhodes, after the hole looked like going to Miss Forrest, and eventually an English win 5 and 3.

THE final began by Mrs. Rhodes putting a lovely chip dead to win the first hole in 4, and holing right across the second to halve it in 4. I don't think it is fantastic to call that putt the deciding shot of the match. She had bunkered the second shot, whereas Miss Nimmo had put a great second to within four yards of the pin; but after Mrs. Rhodes' long putt, Miss Robertson-Durham, naturally enough, did not sink hers. They squared the match at the next, but when Miss Nimmo holed a four-yarder at the sixth (where there was a stroke to give), Mrs. Rhodes ran down a four-footer to make her side one up; and from that moment the English side never looked back. Mrs. Rhodes did her share early; Miss Clark, who is a beautiful putter, did it late; they had the last five holes of the match in an approximate two under fours, and 5 and 4 was the margin, well deserved.

It was great going for the holders to reach the final at all, and of course an English win this year will only add to the excitement next. Lord Weir gave away the prizes with the most charming of speeches, and was not even non-plussed by the problem of how to present four semi-finalists at once with half-a-dozen Spode cups, saucers, and all appurtenances thereof apiece. A great week.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Ponting — Crichton-Browne : Patrick — Crichton-Browne

Left : William Dudley Ponting, Royal Scots Fusiliers, married Mona Catherine Crichton-Browne, and Ronald Ewing Patrick, Royal Scots Fusiliers, married Gertrude Mary Crichton-Browne, at St. Columba's, Pont Street. The brides are the twin daughters of the late A. R. Crichton-Browne and Mrs. Crichton-Browne, of 54, St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.

Woodburn — Bateman-Champain

Right : Alfred Basil Woodburn and Audrey Bateman-Champain were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Woodburn, of 69, Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea, and she is the daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Hugh Bateman-Champain and Mrs. Bateman-Champain, of 1, Great Cumberland Place, W.1

Baird — Bigelow

T. Elliot Baird, son of the late Thomas E. Baird, of Glasgow, and Madeleine G. Bigelow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice W. Bigelow, of Boston, U.S.A., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Mather — Eadie

Ernest G. Mather, son of Ernest Mather, of Lindfield, Wilmslow, Cheshire, and the late Mrs. Mather, and Janet Cameron Eadie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Eadie, of The Towers, Wilmslow, were married at Wilmslow Church

Pegler — Evans

Richard Pegler, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pegler, of 39, Hyde Park Gate, S.W., and Peggy Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans, of 22, Westminster Gardens, S.W., and Bildens, Ewhurst, Surrey, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride's father is the head of Heinemann's

Mason — Bradstreet

Ernest Mason, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mason, of Kingscote, Forest Gate, and Phyllis Bradstreet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Bradstreet, of 4, Rosslyn Hill, were married at St. Stephen's, Hampstead

Handover — Parkes

Paul Handover, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Handover, of Beaufort Close, Ealing, and Margaret Ethelwynne Parkes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark M. Parkes, of Garth, Banstead, Surrey, were married at the Wesleyan Church, Sutton

Lang — Parker

The Archbishop of Canterbury married his nephew William Marshall Lang, son of the Very Rev. Marshall Lang and Mrs. Lang, of Whittinghame Manse, Haddington, and Sheila Clive Parker, daughter of the late G. Clive Parker and Mrs. Parker, of Lower House, Ewhurst, Surrey

Drury — Sandiland

Walter Neville Dru Drury, son of Walter E. Drury, of Moorhouse, Westerham, Kent, and Rae Sandiland, daughter of Dr. Digby S. Sandiland, of St. Stephen's Hospital, Chelsea, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Knox — Baines

The Archbishop of York married John R. B. Knox, West Yorkshire Regiment, and Rotha Mary Barnes, daughter of the late C. T. Barnes and Mrs. Barnes, of Clifton, York, at St. Andrew's, Bishopthorpe. The bridegroom's parents are Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Knox, of Kintrockat, Brechin

Hoskyns-Abrahall — Storey

The Rev. Anthony Hoskyns-Abrahall, of 9, York Road, Harrogate, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hoskyns-Abrahall, of Hall Farm, Newbury, and Margaret Storey, daughter of Mrs. F. G. Storey, of The Towers, Alnmouth, Northumberland, and sister of S. Storey, M.P., were married at St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate

Rich — Dalrymple

Lieut.-Com. Rodney St. John Rich and Georgina Dalrymple, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Dalrymple, of Paradise, Aldwick, Sussex, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. The bridegroom's parents are Col. and Mrs. Rich, of White House, Buntingford, Herts.

Mere — Connolly

Robin Mere, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Mere, of 38, Great Cumberland Place, W.1, and Margaret Connolly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Stuart Connolly, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Manley — Chaytor

George E. L. Manley, son of Major and Mrs. W. Manley, of Mayfield, Horley, Surrey, and Dorothy Anne Chaytor, daughter of the late Alfred Chaytor, K.C., and Mrs. Chaytor, of Croft Hall, Darlington, Yorks., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Chapman — Hussey

Roger Chapman, elder son of Sir Sydney and Lady Chapman, of The Manor House, Ware, Herts., and Miss Margaret Joyce Hussey, of Draycott, Beechy Road, Bournemouth, were married at Holy Trinity, Bournemouth

Drummond-Hay — Prideaux

John W. E. H. Drummond-Hay and Anne Rachel Prideaux were married at Ockley, Surrey. He is the son of E. W. H. Drummond-Hay, Sudan Political Service (ret.); she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Prideaux, of Elderslie, Ockley, Surrey, and Goldsmiths' Hall, E.C.2

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 30 — July 6

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Janet Johnson and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREAT ROMANCER.—Robert Morley makes a tour de force as the vital Alexandre Dumas in a biographical play that grips and reveals: New, 8.30. Tues. and Fri., 2.30.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.—Competent and often wise triangle play with Keneth Kent as husband, Hartley Power and Marie Ney as lovers, Dorothy Hyson as young girl: Haymarket, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30. (Phœnix Theatre, July 5th.)

THE KING'S PIRATE.—Careful historically and lively dramatically, it treats of the Raleigh who survived into James I.'s reign; Wyndham Goldie in the lead: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The best play for an open-air performance gets one, with corps de ballet and incidental music: Regent's Park, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight continues as Becket in T. S. Eliot's poetic drama: Old Vic, 8.30 (except Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

SATYR.—Pathological plot of an unpleasant nature gives Marius Goring, Flora Robson and A. E. Matthews chances for very strong acting: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—The top production of the summer; Pamela Stanley's Queen is fine acting, Carl Esmond excellent as Albert; the Whistler settings are superb: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music ordinary; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FLOODLIGHT.—Beverley Nichols' revue keeps a nice standard of sentiment, humour, sense and tunefulness; Frances Day, John Mills, Hermione Baddeley are in it; excellent decor by René Hubert: Saville, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

PAGANINI.—Tauber's singing makes up for his dissimilarity to the original of the name part; Evelyn Laye's for her renunciation rôle in a romantic lavish musical with strong support: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 93.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WONDERFUL WORLD.—This revue will do well for a light giggling evening; Florence Desmond tops a good bill: Palace, 6 and 9.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's school life comedy is back again, with the same cast—Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well-maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER.—Sybil Thorndike as an ex-Suffragette is torn between bovine husband Evelyn Roberts and go-ahead daughter Jessica Tandy; Leon Quartermaine and Margaret Bannerman support: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

NO SLEEP FOR THE WICKED.—A comedy thriller of Morocco gun-running, with Claire Luce and Peter Haddon: Daly's, to-night.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—A farce for Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton: Strand, July 6th.

CINEMAS

THE COURT WALTZES.—A French musical film of the Lanner-Strauss waltz-battle in Vienna and London: Curzon.

DER AMMENKÖNIG (German).—A clever piece of satire in brilliant rococo setting with Käthe Gold and Gustav Knuth: Studio One.

DERR HERRSCHER (German).—Emil Jannings in a 1936 prize film: Berkeley.

THE FROG (British).—The Edgar Wallace stage hit with Gordon Harker as Serg. Elk again and Jack Hawkins, Romney Brent, Carol Goodner: New Gallery.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (American).—Marlene in technicolour with Charles Boyer returns to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE GOOD EARTH (American).—The finest screen epic made, from Pearl Buck's novel, with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in the lead: Empire.

I MET HIM IN PARIS (American).—Witty dialogue and direction, and amusing acting by Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young: Carlton.

LOST HORIZON (American).—Capra's newest from Hilton's book is almost convincing apart from some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

LOVE IS NEWS (American).—Called a streamlined modern comedy, with Loretta Young and Tyrone Power; heiresses, aeroplanes, foreign counts, etc.: Gaumont.

MAKE WAY FOR TO-MORROW (American).—Family comedy with Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi as the old couple who "make way": Plaza.

ONE IN A MILLION (American).—A spectacular film starring Sonja Henie supported by Adolphe Menjou, Don Ameche, Jean Hersholt: Regal.

TOP OF THE TOWN (American).—A large-size musical with Doris Nolan, George Murphy, Gregory Ratoff, the Three Sailors: Leicester Square.

WE FROM KRONSTADT.—A Soviet film; good acting, camera-craft, and propaganda: Academy.

THE WOMAN BETWEEN (American).—Mainly an air-thriller, with Paul Muni as a pilot, Miriam Hopkins as the woman: London Pavilion.

OPERA

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.—Last night of the season; FLAGSTAD AND WIDDOP: Covent Garden, to-night, 6.30.

GLYNDEBOURNE.—Five operas alternate in the ideal setting of the Sussex Mozart festival (see dailies for times and train departures). Last week.

D'OYLY CARTE.—Gilbert and Sullivan operettas by their most famous exponents: Sadler's Wells, 8. Sat., 2.30.

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES at Covent Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CIMAROSIANA, BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE, AURORA'S WEDDING.—To-morrow, 1st.

PAVILLON, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, BEAU DANUBE.—Friday, 2nd.

SYLPHIDES, BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE, BEAU DANUBE.—Sat., 3rd (mat.).

CIMAROSIANA, CHOREARTIUM, AURORA'S WEDDING.—Sat., 3rd.

PAVILLON, CHOREARTIUM, BEAU DANUBE.—Mon., 5th.

FEMMES DE BONNE HUMEUR, TRICORNE, APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE.—Tues., 6th.

ARGENTINITA.—Last recital: Aldwych, July 2nd, 2.30

UDAY SHAN-KAR.—The Hindu dancer and his company have some new works for their two-weeks' season: Gaiety, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30 (from July 5th).

SPORT

CRICKET.—Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's, July 5th-7th.

TENNIS.—Last days of the Championships, Wimbledon to July 3rd.

ROWING.—Royal Regatta at Henley: June 30th—July 3rd.

YACHTING.—Torbay International Coronation Regatta To July 3rd.

POLO.—India v. The World: Hurlingham, July 5th.

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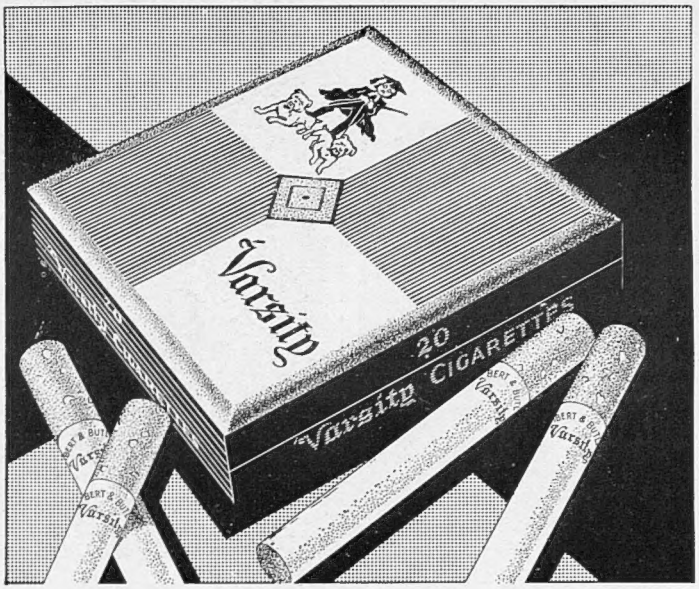

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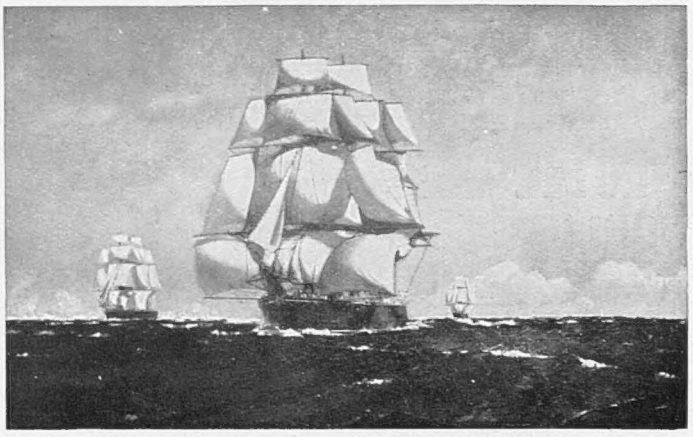

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